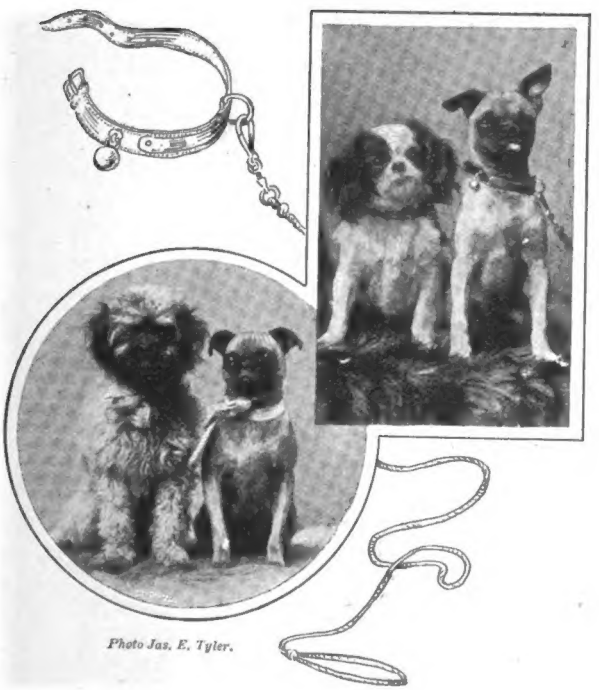

Photo Jas. E. Tyler.

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"OH, PROMISE ME."

From the painting by C. Sheridan Knowles.

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A Year In The Life Of A Society Woman

Photo, Lafayette.

The Countess Dalhousie is the youngest of Lord Ancaster's large family of daughters. Her marriage with Lord Dalhousie was one of the Society events of the last season.

An Article Describing the Really Hard Work Gone Through Daily, Year in and Year out, by Society Women in their Search for Amusement.

By Nancy Dallas.

Illustrated with Photographs of some of the most Charming of Society Favourites.

Whirr . . . round and round goes the wheel of fashion, never pausing and never slackening its speed. Those who are once caught up in its busy whirl must give up all idea of a lazy, languid life. Games, amusements, dress, hobbies, charities and duties, all must be attended to, and attended to in the very best and most energetic manner possible—no half-heartedness is allowed in this busy circle. Let a Society woman once slacken in any of these items and she is no longer in the "swim"—and a woman who is out of the swim might just as well be dead and buried, as far as Society is concerned. She simply does not count.

That is why all the really "smart" women seem to be beautiful, or at any rate charming, well-dressed, clever, good at games (generally excelling in one particular game), and to possess a thousand other delightful qualities.

Photo, H. J. Mendelssohn.

Miss Gladys Wilson was one of the first Society women to drive her own motor-car. She thoroughly understands the mechanism of her car, and can repair it herself when necessary.

It is a case of the "survival of the fittest," and only these wonderful "all-round" women come to the front.

Early May is really the beginning of the Society woman's year, for it is the beginning of the London season, and that is certainly the starting point of all the plans of fashionable people.

A typical day in the season is enough to make any easy-going person quite giddy, but it is taken as a matter of course by those who live at this high pressure all the year round. Some people imagine that if you are rich, and in Society, you can lie in bed as long as you like in the morning, and enjoy a peaceful

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and elaborate breakfast at—say — half-past twelve.

There never was a greater mistake.

If you are rich and *not* in fashionable Society you can enjoy such luxuries, but a Society woman has far too many things to cram into her day to waste the precious hours from 8 to 12 in sleep.

Health, as everyone understands now, is the first consideration, so a brisk cold tub at eight o'clock is generally followed by treatment from a *masseuse*, who comes three days a week, the other days being occupied by a manicurist or a lady "hair doctor." This is sometimes the Society woman's only opportunity for reading up the topics of the day, or skimming through the novel of the moment, so she is often to be seen, book or paper in one hand, the other being tenderly doctored by an elegant lady.

Then comes breakfast and a busy time with her correspondence, most of which, however, she leaves to her secretary; then she generally has an important appointment with her dressmaker or milliner, and a thousand and one little "shoppings" to do; then a big luncheon party, after which the *grande dame* may have a bazaar to open before she can go on to a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club, or a garden party; then she is due most likely at a bridge party, which begins immediately after tea and lasts till the dinner hour, sometimes being continued after dinner, if the losers wish to have a chance of winning back some of their money. At about ten o'clock she will start on a round of balls and receptions, and return in the small hours of the morning, prepared to rise at the usual time the next day and to go through the same kind of rush again and again.

From May to the beginning of July, Society keeps up this perpetual round of dinners, receptions, balls, charity bazaars, races, regattas, luncheons, and innumerable other entertainments, and no matter what the temperature in London may be, Society women invariably look cool, well-dressed, unruffled, and charming, though how they do so must remain a mystery to the "outsider."

Photo, Lallie Charles.

The Countess of Dudley is the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Her pearls rank amongst the finest in England.

The rush and hurry of modern life makes itself felt at every turn. The very character of a ball in these busy times is quite changed. There are no such things handed round now as the old-fashioned "programmes." How could any girl arrange all her dances before hand, from No. 1 to No. 22, when she either arrives at 12.30, having already been to a dinner, a theatre and a supper party, or else makes her appearance at 9.30 and stays for an hour or so, and then goes on to a reception and perhaps another ball the same evening?

A constant stream of people is passing in and out all night, and no one thinks of "doing" one entertainment solidly right through to the end, as our grandfathers used to do. Obviously under these circumstances, the hostess can only leave matters in the hands of her guests, and let them dance how,

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and when, and for as long as they like with one another.

Introductions, too, are quite things of the past, and here again I think it is over pressure that has hustled this courteous practice out of fashion. There are still one or two hostesses in town who do not like to see even the youngest and least important of their guests left dolefully in the corner, with no one to talk to or to

Photo, Langfier.

The Duchess of Marlborough belongs to the wealthy Vanderbilt family. Before her marriage she was the most graceful swimmer in Newport, America.

Photo, Lafayette.

The Countess of Warwick is famous for her beauty and the great interest she takes in philanthropic work, especially amongst women.

dance with. But the majority find it impossible to look after each individual—and no wonder, when their rooms, that might hold one hundred or one hundred and fifty with comparative comfort, are crowded with six or seven hundred people passing in and out continually; and all of these seven hundred try to find the giver of the feast, both when they arrive and when they depart.

The crush at this kind of entertainment is simply awful, and the hostess generally remains standing at the head of the stairs, her time fully taken up with saying "How do you do?" "Good-bye, *so* glad

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Photo, Alice Hughes.

Viscountess Helmsley, the charming daughter of the Countess of Warwick, inherits much of her beauty from her mother. She is not yet twenty, and was married at the beginning of this year to Lord Helmsley.

you could come!" over and over again, and with paying special attentions to the more distinguished of her guests.

Besides all these various social duties that are crowded into each day, there are week-end parties to be reckoned with. These are generally given by the lucky owners of some of those beautiful houses, whose sloping lawns do so much to enhance the beauty of the River Thames. Here, from Friday to Monday, many members of Society seek to refresh themselves after an arduous week in town.

But there is not much "resting" done even here, for the two things to be dreaded are either to be thought "slow," or to feel "bored." So bridge can be played by lovers of the game, in bowery arbours lighted at night by softly shaded electric lights and Chinese lanterns, whilst those who care for more active amusements dance in the evening, or get up impromptu theatricals, and picnic and row in the day-time. A hostess who wishes to keep up her reputation will rack her brains to think of some quite original and novel form of entertainment, for if she succeeds she will be the heroine of the moment.

At one dinner party lately, all the guests were requested to dress their hair in some fancy fashion, and the result was most successful. Many of course had their hair powdered and piled high on the head, for there is nothing so becoming, but others had adopted the Early Victorian ringlets, or the Grecian coils, and the evening was passed in a discussion of the merits of the various styles of *coiffure*.

On Monday the house is left empty, and people go back to town in their motors, in time perhaps to attend a charity matinée performance, for which the stalls are priced at five guineas, or some equally urgent engagement. Lately His Majesty has been trying to discourage these week-end parties that take so much trade out of London, and many people have followed his lead by giving small Saturday dinners and dances in town. But it will be difficult, I think, when the heat of the summer is at its height, to persuade the owners of those delightful riverside retreats to give up their breath of fresh air for the sake of London trade.

After the first week in July the season may be said to be over, and by August London is a deserted wilderness as far as Society is concerned.

Now is the time of "house parties," when the fashionable woman will have some weeks of entertaining in her own country house, and then go on a round of visits. The resources of the hostess are now taxed to the utmost to provide amusement for her guests. "Novelty," is the cry, "give us something new!" But the difficulty is to think of some form of entertainment that has not already grown familiar and stale. Theatricals, at least, never pall on the fancy, and most country houses now are fitted up with a small theatre, with stage properties and green room, and everything necessary to a successful performance in miniature.

It is a perfect mystery to many how those who go in for theatricals find time for

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rehearsals—and yet rehearsals there must be in plenty, for such acting as that of Princess Henry of Pless, Miss Muriel Wilson, and many others I could name, is not achieved without trouble. They may be called amateurs, but the performance of that coterie which has come to be called the "Chatsworth Troupe" is equal to that of most professionals. And yet the actors and actresses are here, there and everywhere, wherever the rush and whirl of Society is thickest. How do they manage it?

Shooting begins on August 12th, and many women go to Scotland for that date, especially those with sport-loving husbands. But it is not only the husbands now-a-days who look forward to the shooting season; there are many women who are as keen about their "bags" as the keenest sportsman. There is one Society woman at least, who regularly practises shooting at a private shooting-range which she has had established in her town house. There are fixed targets, and small moving targets in the form of partridges and pheasants all complete. Needless to say, this ardent sportswoman can hold her own with any number of men on September 1st, when the partridge shooting begins.

Garden parties are the order of the day at this season—big garden parties to which all the county is invited, and more select ones at which only special friends are present. Then there are long motor drives, and picnics, that are so managed that there are all the delights of a picnic with none of its discomforts.

Croquet is a very favourite game in July and August, and many fashionable women are experts at it. It is a game that requires much practice, if championships are to be won, but it is too late to begin to "get your hand in" in the summer. A young friend of mine was ingenious enough to have a room fitted out exactly like a croquet lawn, with a smooth green felt carpet, and hoops arranged in the regulation manner. There she practised cunning strokes whenever she had a spare moment during the winter, and when the first game of the season was played she astonished everyone with her skill.

I think croquet is a game very well worth cultivating. You can play it in an elegant garden party gown, the attitude of bending over the mallet is a very graceful one, and you can (if you try) make an impression by your good play, and yet leave the game unruffled, with nothing worse than a becoming flush of triumph on your face. Who would not prefer this to the heated and dishevelled appearance of an energetic tennis player? Perhaps that is the reason why the latter game has gone so completely out of fashion in Society.

In spite of a large number of guests to be received at her own house, and several house parties in which she has to take part, and in spite of the shooting, the Society woman often manages to put in a week or ten days at Homburg in August, when the season there is at its height.

But a true sportswoman will never think of staying abroad when cub hunting has begun. From the first day with the hounds, she will never miss a meet up to Christmas, no matter what the weather is like.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

Miss Muriel Wilson is a clever and talented amateur actress. She took a leading part in the pantomime played at Chatsworth House this year before the King.

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Photo, Lallie Charles

The Countess of Chesterfield is one of the most lovely women in England. She delights in country life and pursuits.

There are others, however, who, not such expert riders, or not so strong, do not care about hunting, and for these there is the "little season" in town, which begins about the end of October and lasts till the beginning of December. This is a very delightful time, for there is not the rush and tear of the full season, and though the weather is often cold and foggy, many prefer this to the oppressive heat of a June day in town.

The huntress, however, has no intention of being defrauded of all the delightful dinners, dances, and theatre parties that are taking place, and if her country house is not too far from town, she manages to do *both*; for she hunts two days a week, and pays flying visits to town in between, in order to fulfil all her social engagements. She takes good care, too, to have a number of distinguished guests at her house when the hunt balls take place, for the county looks to her to add just the right tone to the proceedings.

At Christmas time most owners of landed property in the country like to distribute presents to their tenants in person, so the *grande dame* is sure to be at her country house then, acting the part of the Lady Bountiful.

After Christmas there are not many more weeks of shooting left, for after February 1st the Englishman would as soon think of shooting his dearest friend, as of bringing down a pheasant or a partridge. Many women manage to tear their husbands away from the country before this date, and if they cannot do that, they frequently go abroad, leaving the keen sportsmen to follow later.

So the first week in January finds the fashionable woman preparing for the Riviera, and laying in a stock of beautiful and elaborate costumes, whose delicate colours remind her of the glorious weather she will find at Cannes and Mentone. Many women have villas of their own at one or other of these places, and there they will meet again the same people whom they met in town, and at the country house parties. There will be the same round of garden parties and picnics and dinners, but with something more added to them—something of the careless, pleasure-loving feeling that the beautiful climate lends to every entertainment, and which finds expression in the battle of flowers and the *bals masqués* that are so popular.

There are more beautiful dresses displayed on the Riviera than anywhere else, and many women make a point of never appearing twice in the same costume.

If excitement of a more dangerous character be needed, there is always Monte Carlo, with its fascinating gaming-tables and lovely gardens. But bridge, you must remember, is being played wherever the Society woman may be. Bridge in the garden, and bridge

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in the house—bridge in the afternoon, and bridge in the evening—and even bridge in the morning! Whenever four people find themselves together, with a short breathing space between two engagements, it is quite impossible for them to think of anything but bridge, that is, if they have once caught the "bridge-fever," and who in Society has not?

This game is really a very important factor in many women's lives. The lucky ones rely on their very considerable winnings to get them out of difficulties when they have exceeded their liberal incomes, whilst the losers eagerly grasp any opportunity of retrieving their bad fortune.

I overheard a conversation the other day that was a good example of this. One friend asked the other to join her theatre party that night.

"Oh, my dear," was the reply, "I should just *love* to, but the fact is, I really can't afford to do it. Yes, sounds funny, doesn't it? But you see I have been losing such a lot lately at bridge that I positively *must* play at Mrs. St. John's to-night, and try and turn my luck. I went to have a bridge lesson on purpose this morning, and the 'Professor' gave me such lovely tips, that I am in hopes of being able to pay that wretch of a dressmaker to-morrow. I am sure you will understand, dear, won't you?"

And "dear," of course, understood perfectly, being in much the same boat herself.

Egypt is another favourite resort at this time, for the season at Cairo lasts from November to April. January, February, and March are very delightful months there, though after that it gets rather too hot. No place could be gayer than Cairo at the right time, and wealthy Englishmen who have learned to love the place, have built the most beautiful houses in the neighbourhood. Here there are dances and receptions of every kind, where all the most fashionable men and women can meet. In short, the Society at Cairo is more charming than most.

By the end of April, Society is beginning to assemble again in town, for dressmakers and milliners must again be interviewed in preparation for the coming season.

And then—oh horror! Suddenly in the midst of all this busy life, the tailor's measurements and her own observations, show the Society woman that her size is slowly but surely increasing.

What is to be done?

"It is not," said one pitifully to me the other day, "it is not as though I lived a lazy life—I am on the go the whole time!"

Yes, but how about those long dinners, those many *entrées*, those rich creams? The right thing to do is to diet, but that is impossible at dinner parties, so she does the next best thing, she goes in for dumb-bell exercises, Sandow's, or else a Swedish course, and takes up fencing with enthusiasm. There is nothing like fencing for improving the figure. It is, morever, a fascinating pastime

Photo, Lallie Charles.

Lady Herbert, *née* Miss Beatrice Paget, is very tall and beautiful. She was married at the beginning of this year to Lord Herbert.

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once the first difficulties are overcome, and many women add to their list of accomplishments a skill with the foils that is quite astonishing.

Fencing not only gives grace and suppleness to the carriage, which is most enviable, but gives a quick, alert expression to the eyes that is considered very attractive. There were several fencing displays and tournaments last season, in which fashionable women played

Photo, Lafayette

Princess Henry of Pless is another of Society's most talented amateur actresses. At the Chatsworth pantomime she took the part of Daisy, one of the "ugly sisters."

an important part, and acquitted themselves in a way which justified their reputation for being "thorough" in whatever they take up.

Golfing is also a sport which many patronise at first simply with a view to keeping themselves "in training." But they generally go on with it out of sheer love of the game, and take to practising "putting" in their houses or grounds, when they have no links to go to.

All this the fashionable woman manages to get through in her life, and yet at the same time to pay proper attention to the beauty and fitness of her clothes, and to the charm of her appearance. And the care and thought that she bestows on the subject of her beauty alone, would seem to fill up the time of any ordinary woman. Besides the attendants who wait on her in her own house, she pays frequent and regular visits to her "beauty specialists," where all defects such as wrinkles, lines, or a tendency to a double chin, are checked at the very first stage by skilful manipulations and lotions.

Many hours of a Society woman's week are spent in this manner, but however pressed she may be for time, this would be the last thing that she would sacrifice, for she well knows how important a part her personal appearance plays in her success in life.

It amounts to this now-a-days: that, if a woman is not beautiful, or, at any rate, pretty and pleasant to look upon, it is her own fault. For faulty features can be

Photo, Lallie Charles.

Lady Marjorie Manners made her *début* at the first Court held by King Edward. She draws beautifully and is an accomplished musician.

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Photo, Lafayette.

The Countess of Annesley delights in sport. She shoots, fishes, plays golf, and is a practical yachtswoman, sailing and steering her own boat with perfect ease.

The fashionable woman thinks a few of her precious weeks passed in retirement well worth spending if the result is so satisfactory, and she will not shrink at the prospect of a good deal of pain and discomfort, which she is ready to bear with heroic fortitude.

Never has Fashion been so exacting as she is at the present day, and never have her votaries risen so nobly to the tasks she has laid upon them.

There is one piece of advice I would like to give to young *débutantes*, but more especially to those among the eager throng always pressing at Society's gates, who succeed in entering at last. My advice is—never look flurried! However much you may have to get through in a day, however long your guests are in taking leave, or your carriage is in coming round, never show on your face the nervousness and impatience that you are really feeling—for that will stamp you at once as a newcomer, and people will go away calling you "unrestful," and "irritable," or something worse—*gauche*.

A calm manner in the face of all difficulties and delays stamps the *grande dame*.

rectified, and dimples put in, and hollows taken out by skilful operators.

I heard an amusing story the other day of a girl who retired from Society for a short time in order to turn a *retroussé* nose into a Grecian model, and to have her face generally improved. When she appeared again no one recognised her, and old friends politely requested to be introduced to the exceedingly pretty girl, who was a complete stranger to them. It was some time before everyone realised that the owner of these regular features and bewitching dimples was identical with the very ordinary-looking girl who had disappeared from their midst a short time before.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett.*

Mrs. Willie James is a capital actress and delights in getting up amateur theatricals. She took the part of "Cinderella" at the Chatsworth pantomime.

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The Professional Guest

Sir Forrester Harvey, through an Absconding Solicitor, is Thrown on his Own Resources. He Determines to Go out in Society as a Paid Guest. The Present Story Describes the First of his Many, and Often Thrilling, Experiences in this Rôle.

By Allen Upward.

I.—A QUIET GAME OF CARDS.

"My husband is not able to bear the excitement of general society, but he much enjoys a quiet game of cards with a friend who understands him."

These words, contained in a letter from Mrs. Westlaw to the Secretary of the Social and Domestic Agency, were the only clue I possessed to the character of the man with whom I was on my way to stay for an indefinite period in the character of a salaried guest.

In case the reader should never have heard of this profession, or should think it one unworthy of a gentleman, I will explain how I came to enter it.

My father, Sir James Murrough Harvey, was the twelfth baronet of a family which settled in Ireland in the reign of James I.

I was brought up as became the heir to an ancient title and estate, and received the best education England has to offer.

I left Oxford possessed of the firm conviction that I was the supreme type of created being, and that the universe had little left to teach me. I had made some mark as a speaker in the Union, and almost immediately after taking my degree I was adopted as candidate for North-West Marylebone.

At this moment my father died, and his death was promptly followed by the disappearance of the Dublin solicitor to whom his affairs had been intrusted for the last twenty years.

Investigation disclosed the fact that, thanks partly to the Land Acts, and partly to the dishonesty of this lawyer, my mother and I were thrown upon the world for a living.

In my ignorance of life I went for help to the Chairman of the Imperial Association, which had just adopted me as its candidate. I knew him to be an influential man in the City, and the chairman or director of several important companies.

Mr. Slocombe received me at first with a respect evidently due to my newly-acquired title, which he was good enough to assure me would be a valuable asset in the election.

His manner changed greatly when I explained that my father had left me nothing, and asked him if he could put me in the way of making £800 or £1000 a year.

"My dear Sir Forrester! A thousand a year! You must be dreaming. Why, what could you do to earn a thousand a year?"

"I have had the best of education—Winchester and Oxford," I reminded him.

"Yes, yes, of course, but what do you *know?* Absolutely nothing, my dear sir. I must tell you plainly that your services would not be worth a pound a week to any business man."

"And yet you thought me good enough to go into Parliament, and make laws for you!" I commented bitterly. "You described me

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to your Committee as a rising young statesman who would one day find himself in the Cabinet."

Mr. Slocombe turned rather red.

"That is totally different, as you know, Sir Forrester. At that time we had every reason to believe you were the heir to a fine property. I am afraid we shall have a great deal of trouble in replacing you."

I realised that from Mr. Slocombe's point of view I no longer existed.

I spare the reader the history of the next few months. But for the assistance of the Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association,* my dear mother would have been without a roof over her head.

The kindly secretary gave me introductions to various people, but everywhere I found the same state of things. Board school boys were being eagerly snapped up at 10s. a week, a wage I should hardly have refused, but baronets with an Oxford degree were emphatically not wanted.

I had come down to my last decent suit of clothes, when I one day encountered my old schoolfellow, Dick Haslemere, coming out of a club in St. James's Street from which I had had to resign on the score of expense.

I one day encountered my old schoolfellow, Dick Haslemere, coming out of a club in St. James's Street.

Dick's father, the Earl of Glencoe, was a bankrupt, to my knowledge, yet Dick was looking more prosperous than I had ever known him. He hailed me with the utmost good-nature, carried me off to lunch in the nearest smart restaurant, and listened to the tale of my distress with sympahy.

"And how on earth do *you* manage, Dick?" I asked at the end.

"I'll tell you, old chap—of course, in strict confidence. I'm a hotel bait."

"A bait!"

"Yes. If an old hotel is going down, or a new one wants to draw the rich mob, I go and stay there, live on the fat of the land, associate or not with the other guests just as I please, and get a decent cheque for travelling expenses when I come away. All the papers announce that Viscount Haslemere, eldest son of the Earl of Glencoe, is staying at the smart and well-appointed Hotel de Something or Other; and the British matrons with marriageable daughters descend on the place in shoals, and pay fancy prices for everything. I flirt with them all impartially, and have a jolly good time.

"Afterwards I act as a reference. They

* May I take this opportunity of mentioning that this is a real Society, under Royal patronage, and the Hon. Sec., Miss Finn, 75, Brook Green, Hammersmith, may be trusted to make the best possible use of any contributions?—A. U.

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pay me a guinea every time I answer an inquiry. I have a regular form :—'Dear Madam' (it's always the women who write to me), 'I have great pleasure in testifying to the extreme comfort experienced by me while staying at the hotel you name, and I do not think I have ever paid less in a hotel of the same high standing. — Yours faithfully, HASLEMERE.'"

It was impossible to resist the good humour with which Dick made his confession. In my desperate position I was in no mood to be critical.

"I am afraid a mere bart. would not be a big enough draw," I suggested.

Dick considered for a moment.

"Come round with me to the Social and Domestic Agency," he said, "and let us see what they can do."

The manager of the Agency, a lady of perfect tact and good breeding, showed me every consideration. She did not think that I should do for the hotels, but she explained to me that there were a number of families living in the provinces—by no means always of the vulgar rich class—who were only too glad to entertain a visitor to relieve the monotony of country life, and would be quite willing to give me enough to pay for my railway fare and tips to the servants.

"I have a retired cavalry captain on my books now," she said. "He was obliged to leave his regiment because a number of rich youths joined it, and he could not keep pace with them. But he is a man of very good family, and a capital amateur actor, so that he is in great request. A gentleman like yourself ought to be very well received indeed."

Whatever hesitation I might have felt was overcome by the thought of my poor mother's destitution. Within less than a fortnight after my lucky meeting with Dick, I found myself travelling down to Holsworthy House, Devonshire, on my first visit as a Professional Guest.

I am not a brilliant card player, but I had played piquet and ecarté often enough to feel no doubt that I should be able to amuse my host. It was part of my arrangement with Mrs. Westlaw, of course, that I should receive a cheque each week amply sufficient to cover any possible loss at the modest points for which she informed me Mr. Westlaw was accustomed to play.

I had not heard from Mr. Westlaw himself, the negotiations having been carried through by his wife. I was naturally not a little curious as to the character of my host, of whom I knew nothing except that he was a retired banker, whose wealth and respectability had been vouched for by a firm of solicitors of high standing in the West End.

I judged Mr. Westlaw to be a man of broken health, and I read the closing words of his wife's letter—"with a friend who understands him"—as a hint that I might have to put up with the fractiousness of an invalid.

Holsworthy House was situated a few miles from a small wayside station on the Taunton and Exeter line. I was met at the station by a well-appointed brougham, with a groom in attendance to see after my luggage.

The house itself proved to be a solid Georgian pile, surrounded by a park of some size. It was autumn, and as I found myself driven in the gathering darkness up to the great, dreary front, my spirits fell without my knowing why.

I had arrived just in time to dress for dinner, and was taken straight up to my room without seeing either my host or hostess.

They seemed to have given me one of the best rooms in the house. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and a valet brought me a cup of tea.

Mrs. Westlaw herself had proposed that the footing on which I was visiting them should be kept entirely secret, and the demeanour of the servant plainly showed that he had been ordered to treat me with the greatest respect.

Perhaps I was over-sensitive, but I fancied that there was a slight strangeness in the valet's manner, as though he were not quite at his ease with me nevertheless.

"Have you had many people here lately?" I asked him, more for the sake of saying something than out of curiosity.

"No, sir, we have not had any visitors since I have been here."

His tone was perfectly deferential, but reserved.

"I have not been here very long, sir," he added of his own accord.

I thought it best to ask no more questions, lest he should think I was pumping him, and I finished dressing in silence.

On descending to the drawing-room I found Mrs. Westlaw waiting for me. She came forward and shook hands with almost excessive cordiality.

"I can't tell you how good I think it is of you to come to us, Sir Forrester," she said. "I do hope that you will find everything to your liking, and will make yourself thoroughly

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at home. We see so few people that I am afraid it will be very dull for you. But my husband's nerves are not strong, and so we have given up entertaining."

It seemed to me that Mrs. Westlaw's nerves were not in the best condition, for she spoke in a hurried, jerky fashion, and was plainly not at her ease.

It was of course an embarrassing position for both of us. Mrs. Westlaw was hardly the sort of woman I should have chosen to visit of my own accord. I thought her a trifle underbred, and although her reception of me was meant to be kindly, it was not in perfect taste.

"I have taken the liberty of speaking of you to the servants as a distant connection," my hostess went on to say.

I bowed rather stiffly. It struck me that I ought to have been consulted before being placed on such a footing. And somehow or other I felt that Mrs. Westlaw had not been inspired solely by consideration for myself in these efforts to establish me on an intimate footing.

Mrs. Westlaw was quick to perceive my coolness, and redoubled her cordiality.

"You must be sure and tell me if there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable," she said. "If you don't like your room, of course, it shall be changed."

I was confounded by this overwhelming attention, and hardly knew what reply to make, when the door opened, and Mr. Westlaw came in.

There had been nothing remarkable in the appearance of Mrs. Westlaw, but her husband struck me at once as being a man of marked individuality.

He was between fifty and sixty years of age, slightly bald, and inclined to corpulence. His eyes, under their projecting brows, fixed themselves on me with an inquisitive, almost distrustful glance. He wore a black velvet smoking jacket, which struck me as slightly discourteous on the first evening, though I put it down to the self-indulgence of an invalid, rather than actual want of manners.

Mr. Westlaw's greeting was much less effusive than his wife's.

"I am very glad to welcome you here, Sir Forrester," he said, speaking slowly and constrainedly. "You will find us very quiet people. We do not see much society. My doctor tells me it is bad for me, and the people about here are not much to my taste."

Unless I was mistaken, I saw Mrs. Westlaw watch her husband with some anxiety as he spoke. His words were innocent enough,

"I have a retired cavalry captain on my books now," she said.

and yet I could not but be impressed by the fact that this was the *third* time since my arrival that I had heard mention of the social seclusion in which the Westlaws appeared to live.

But dinner was now announced, and I took Mrs. Westlaw in.

Everything was of the best, and well put on. The waiting was done by a butler and footman, and altogether it appeared to me that I had found thoroughly luxurious quarters.

Before the last course had been reached, Mr. Westlaw led the conversation to the subject of cards. His wife showed by her

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manner that she was not pleased at this, and I myself thought it ill-bred for my host to begin so soon on what formed the business reason for my being there.

After one or two attempts to divert her husband from the subject, however, Mrs. Westlaw gave way, thus confirming the impression I had already formed that she did not care to cross him unnecessarily.

"A game of cards is not what it used to be in my young days," Mr. Westlaw lamented. "Then we looked on card-playing as an amusement, and though we might have a small stake on, just as a matter of form, there was no real gambling, and consequently no temptation to sharp practice. Now-a-days, I am sorry to say, all that is changed. People play for more than they can afford, and then, when they find themselves losing, they become unscrupulous, and cheat."

"I am afraid there is a good deal of truth in what you say," I agreed. "I myself much prefer playing for quite nominal stakes."

My host nodded approvingly.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Sir Forrester. I see that you and I are likely to agree. I am sorry to tell you that we live here in a gambling neighbourhood, and that some of the people in the best position cannot be trusted where money is at stake."

"In London," I remarked by way of corroboration, "there are people of the highest rank, women as well as men, of whom the same may be said."

Mr. Westlaw received this remark with every sign of the most thorough satisfaction. His wife, on the contrary, appeared to be disconcerted by the turn that the conversation was taking.

"Your experience tallies with mine," the husband responded warmly. "My wife thinks that I am too suspicious, but I can assure you that there are people in this very neighbourhood whom I have had to drop, simply because I found that they were guilty of persistent cheating."

It struck me that this kind of talk was not very prudent before the servants. Mrs. Westlaw appeared to be of the same opinion, for she now made a decided move to silence her husband.

"We ought not to tell Sir Forrester such things on his first night, or we shall quite set him against the place," she said. "You must be tired after your journey," she added, to me, "so I shall not let you play with my husband to-night. As soon as you have had your coffee, I shall expect you in the drawing-room."

She rose from the table as she spoke, and passed out of the room without giving either of us a chance to reply.

Mr. Westlaw shrugged his shoulders with an air of contempt.

"You must not mind what my wife says," he observed, as soon as the door was closed. "She naturally finds it hard to believe that her old friends are infamous swindlers. You and I, as men of the world, know what human nature is."

Nothing more worth recording occurred that night. But in the morning I found myself alone with Mrs. Westlaw at breakfast time, it being the habit of the master of the house to take that meal upstairs, and come down about noon.

It was clear that my hostess had been waiting for this opportunity to speak to me in a confidential strain.

"I was so sorry my husband should have broached the subject of cheating at cards last night," she began. "The fact is that there has been some unpleasantness on the subject with our friends, owing to his unfortunate disposition to accuse people of unfair play. As I have told him, even if his suspicions were well founded, it would be far better to say nothing. The only result is to make him disliked, and of course people shrink from playing with him."

I fancied I began to see the position more clearly. Mr. Westlaw, I gathered, had cut himself off from the society of the district by accusations which his own wife evidently thought were too reckless.

It struck me that my own position might be made uncomfortable.

"I hope that Mr. Westlaw will not entertain any suspicions of me," I could not help saying.

Mrs. Westlaw glanced at me nervously.

"He has promised me not to," she said; "and I hope that the arrangement you have kindly consented to will put any such idea out of his head. But sometimes, as you will readily understand, Sir Forrester, when a man once gives way to suspicions of this kind, they may extend to anybody, even his own wife; so if he is so foolish and wrong-headed as to say anything of the sort to you, I want you to promise me not to notice it—to treat it simply as an invalid's fractiousness, in short."

This was putting things rather plainly. It was practically telling me that Westlaw, in his wife's opinion, was not quite right in his mind on this particular subject, and that I must not be surprised if he fell foul of me.

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This was a serious position for me to be in, and I was obliged to speak frankly.

"Mrs. Westlaw," I said, "you know that I am a poor man, and the capacity in which I have come here is such that I cannot feel my word will be taken against Mr. Westlaw's. I think, under the circumstances, you ought to give me a note, stating that you have reason to fear that he is eccentric on this point, and that you have therefore asked me not to take seriously any suspicion or accusation against myself."

Much to my relief, Mrs. Westlaw eagerly consented to this request. I thought she was as much relieved as I to have matters placed on this footing.

The rest of the day passed off pleasantly enough. I strolled out into the grounds, where I was joined later on by the head of the house. There was certainly no sign of eccentricity in his demeanour in the daytime, unless it were that he had a habit of breaking off in the middle of a remark every now and then, and becoming absorbed in his own thoughts. He promised me some shooting and fishing, showed me round the stables, and, in short, conducted himself like any other well-bred man in the same circumstances. More than once it occurred to me as possible that it was my hostess and not her husband who was responsible for the strange isolation in which I found them living. I have known cases of ladies whose weaknesses at the card-table have been screened magnanimously by their husbands.

However, I could only wait for further developments. After dinner that night Mrs. Westlaw did not venture to make any fresh effort to prevent her husband from playing with me, though she looked at me rather anxiously on quitting the room.

The moment the door closed on his wife, my host drew a breath of relief.

"Now let us have the table out and begin!" he exclaimed with childish eagerness. "I have not had a real game for months—my wife doesn't like cards."

The servants hastened to make the card-table ready, under his directions. I could not help noticing that he was obliged to tell them where everything was. Like the valet, they could not have been very long at Holsworthy House.

"These servants are so stupid," my host complained with irritation. "I shall be glad when they are gone."

"Are they leaving you?" I asked, in the most careless tone I could command.

"Yes." He gave me a glance in which I read uneasiness. "We find it difficult to keep London servants in an out-of-the-way place like this. And the yokels about here are only a nuisance to have in the house."

He sat down hurriedly and asked me to cut the cards.

The game chosen was piquet. I need not enter into any description of the play. My host seemed to be an extraordinarily lucky, as well as a

"Now let us have the table out and begin!" he exclaimed with childish eagerness.

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skilful player, and I soon had reason to congratulate myself that my losses were guaranteed.

It was not till we had gone on playing for a couple of hours that I began to think that my opponent's run of luck was not quite natural. Time after time he had all the aces in the pack; his point almost invariably beat mine; I lost every game steadily, and was fortunate if I escaped a rubicon.

As I have said, I am not a keen card-player, but I found it monotonous to lose rubber after rubber without even a look-in. Westlaw, on the other hand, was thoroughly enjoying himself. He added up his score with feverish zest, and openly exulted in his winnings.

Irritated, in spite of myself, by his vulgar triumph, I paid closer attention to the game. At piquet, I may explain for the benefit of those ignorant of the game, the principal scoring is made by the player's declaration of what cards he holds in his hand. Any one, of course, can declare falsely; but as nearly all the cards are out, it is generally easy to detect a false declaration.

Thus it happened that on one occasion I found myself holding six hearts, and two of every other suit, when my opponent declared a sequence of seven. There being only eight cards in use, this was clearly impossible.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have assumed that the other player had made a mistake, and asked him to count again; but, coupling this with what had gone before, I had no longer any doubt that I had discovered the whole mystery.

The reason why Holsworthy House was shunned, and Mrs. Westlaw had been obliged to engage a stranger at a salary to play with her husband, was not because he was suspicious of others, but because he was himself a cheat.

I continued playing and observing Westlaw's play long enough to satisfy myself that his cheating was deliberate and flagrant. Then I pleaded fatigue and retired for the night.

My reflections were long and anxious. The conditions under which I had been engaged to play with my host were such as to deprive him of any pecuniary motive for unfair play. Whatever he won from me was only taken from one pocket and put into the other. In other words, he was a species of kleptomaniac.

The question for me to consider was whether I could go on indulging him in this mania with honour and safety to myself.

In the morning I decided to speak to the valet, who continued to attend on me. Under ordinary circumstances I should have considered it improper to question a servant, but I felt that the Westlaws had forfeited any claim to honourable treatment by having brought me down without warning me what I should have to put up with.

"I think you told me you had not been here very long, Wilmot," I observed, as the man was arranging my clothes.

"Yes, sir." He looked round at me rather eagerly, I thought.

"I hear that some of the servants find the place rather too dull for them. They don't stay long?"

"No, sir. I am not staying. I gave notice before you came down, sir."

I saw that he only wanted permission to speak.

"You can tell me why you are leaving, if you like. Did Mrs. Westlaw explain to you that I was a relation?"

"She said so, sir, but none of the servants believe it."

"Why not?" I was startled.

The man shook his head.

"We can see that you are a gentleman, Sir Forrester, begging your pardon for saying so. And we don't believe you know the truth about this house, and why the servants leave it as fast as they come."

I was now thoroughly roused and alarmed. All thoughts of reserve were put on one side.

"I have discovered that Mr. Westlaw is insane on one point, if that is what you mean," I said. "He cheats at cards, without having any motive for cheating; and suspects other people of doing the same."

Wilmot nodded gravely.

"I'm not surprised you've found out that, sir. But that isn't the worst, by any manner of means. There was a gentleman staying here before I came, staying like as you may be, sir; and the people round about say that he went off in the middle of the night, all wrapped up, and looking more like a corpse than a man, and that he fainted when he got to the station. And the belief is that Mr. Westlaw must have tried to murder him."

I should be a fool if I were to pretend that I was not frightened by this gruesome story. Servants' gossip is proverbially extravagant, but I was fully prepared to believe this man Westlaw capable of doing something outrageous. A man with a mania of any kind is not to be trusted. It is impossible to tell how far the disease may spread, or what form it may take next.

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I finished dressing in a grave mood, and went down to breakfast with Mrs. Westlaw.

I was no longer puzzled to account for her anxiety to propitiate me, and the nervous glances which she gave me from time to time. I thought it best to be plain.

"Mrs. Westlaw," I said, "you ought to have warned me that your husband is a species of monomaniac."

The poor woman burst into tears.

"Don't be too hard on me, Sir Forrester! I know he is not right when he is playing cards, but if you could only make up your mind not to notice him. It is so dreadful to be cut off from all our friends."

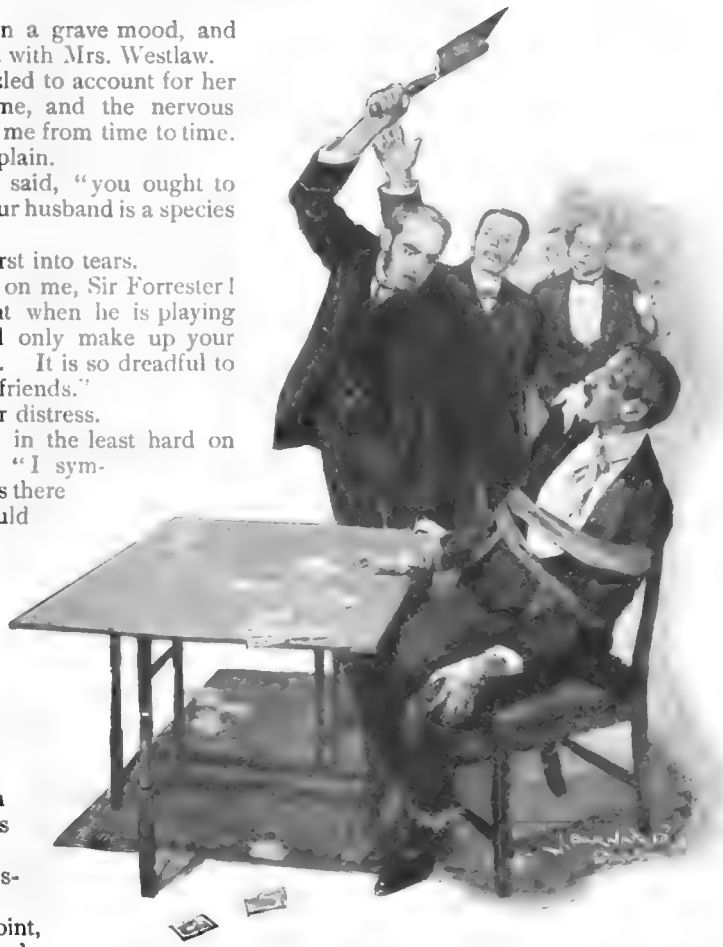
I was softened by her distress.

"I don't want to be in the least hard on you," I assured her. "I sympathise with you. But is there not some danger? Would it not be wiser to prevent his playing altogether?"

"He says if I don't let him have someone to play with at home he will leave me. If he does he will get into some frightful trouble. I don't know what is best to do. You—you don't think he is *mad*, do you?"

It was a difficult question to answer.

"He is mad on one point, certainly. The whole time he is playing he is cheating, and then he appears to suspect others of his own weakness."



"You will never cheat again!" he yelled, raising the hatchet high in the air.

I should like to have referred to the story told me by the valet, but I was ashamed to confess that I had been listening to a servant.

Mrs. Westlaw made no allusion to any such incident. She appealed to me to treat her husband's eccentricity as a harmless one; to shut my eyes to it, and not to let him perceive that I had noticed anything. At the same time she delicately hinted at a very considerable addition to the amount of the cheque promised to the Social and Domestic Agency.

In the end I gave way to her entreaties, and consented to remain on for the present.

During the remainder of the day all went on as usual, but I fancied there was an undercurrent of meaning in the regard of the servants as I happened to encounter them about the place.

Whether it was sympathy or apprehension on my behalf, it certainly impressed me, and I was conscious of a decided feeling of nervousness as my host and I sat down to our rubber after dinner.

We played on for some hours, in the same fashion as on the previous night, though I think I must have played a good deal worse. Westlaw was jubilant, and his good-humour gradually threw me off my guard.

Midnight struck as we were in the middle of a hand. Mrs. Westlaw, of course, had long ago bade us good-night, and the house was perfectly still.

I picked up a hand which chanced to contain three aces. As this could only be beaten by four of a kind in my opponent's hand, I glanced over my cards, and made sure that I

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held at least one king, queen, knave and ten.

"Three aces," I declared with confidence.

"Not good!" Westlaw responded sharply.

"Not good!" I exclaimed thoughtlessly. "They must be, I have one of every other card."

"*Liar!*"

He spat out the word like a bullet, and sprang to his feet, with fury in his look.

"Mr. Westlaw!" I exclaimed, laying down my cards. "You forget yourself!"

"Cheat!" was his answer, screamed rather than shouted.

And before I dreamed what he was up to, he had sprung at my throat, and was strangling me in a madman's clutch.

The sense of life ebbed and flowed in my brain as he bore me to the earth, stuffed my mouth with a handkerchief, and took advantage of a moment's unconsciousness to bind my arms and legs.

"Now," the wretched creature exulted, as soon as I opened my eyes again, "you shall receive the cheat's punishment!"

Where he got it from, I do not know to this hour, but he brandished in front of me a hideous-looking weapon with a sharp steel edge like the blade of a guillotine.

"Get up!" he snarled fiercely. "Get up! I must have your hands on the table. I chop off the hands of cheats on the table they cheated at."

The story I had heard that morning rushed back to my mind. What tragedy had taken place? what blackmail had been paid to the victim? I did not know—I do not know now. But I did not doubt, and I have never doubted since, what horror it was that caused the fugitive from this accursed house to faint on reaching the first place of safety.

I went sick and faint myself as the maniac bent over me, and dragged me, first into a sitting posture, and then into the chair from which I had fallen a few minutes before. He clawed hold of my right hand, and wrenched it forward in spite of my utmost resistance, till it rested on the table.

"You will never cheat again!" he yelled, raising the hatchet high in the air.

Thank Heaven for Wilmot! And thank Heaven I had touched the chord of human sympathy which so many of us forget to touch in our dealings with servants. For it was he who, realising my danger more acutely than I myself, had sat up for me this night, and, at the first sound of the madman's voice raised in passion, had roused the other menservants to my help.

They burst into the room just in time—I can still shut my eyes and see the glint of the lamplight on that cruel edge—and arrested the monster's arm.

Shall I describe what followed?—the shrieks, the foaming at the mouth, the frantic struggles before the lunatic was caught and chained. The memory is too horrible for me. Let it be buried in the asylum which received him before three days had passed.

So much I insisted on, in spite of the poor wife's tears and entreaties. I was resolved that no one else should be exposed to the fate I had so narrowly escaped. I refused her money, and came away no richer than I had come down. It was weeks before I summoned up courage to accept another invitation, and I have played my last game of piquet.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

As soon as you have finished reading this number of the "Royal," the very best thing that you can do is to go straight off and buy a copy of the May "Pearson's Magazine." While you are about it, you might as well order the June number as well, for you'll be sure to want both, and when you've read them, you'll also be quite certain to want to take in the magazine for the next six months, for with the new volume beginning in July all sorts of new attractions are announced. So buy the May "Pearson's" to-day, and don't forget that an order in time saves a lot of worry and disappointment later on. . . .

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THE ART OF THE SILHOUETTE.

By Bertram Stower.

Illustrated with Silhouettes by Captain Tharp.

The Art of Cutting Pictures from a Sheet of Black Paper with a Pair of Scissors.

There is no art in black and white that can produce anything to equal the beauty of a first-class silhouette.

Captain Tharp, the artist whose pictures are here reproduced, has been pronounced to be the finest silhouettist in the world. No one, who has seen his marvellous work can doubt for a moment this assertion.

His pictures of sporting scenes in which he delights the most, display a masterly accuracy of treatment and a complete knowledge of the subject.

Since quite a small boy he has studied deer from nature. It used to be his delight to watch them in the parks. Concealed behind a tree, he would take notes of the antlers and the foreshortening of their forms as they stood grazing around him. Then, on returning home, he would seize scissors and paper and from this he would attempt to cut out the animals while their shapes and attitudes remained vividly impressed in his memory.

Once after visiting a circus, he remembers sitting down on the hearthrug and cutting out from a piece of old newspaper the dancing maids on horseback and the tumbling clowns as he saw them there. These were, no doubt, rather crude productions, but unmistakably clever for a boy not five years old. They showed a talent that with practice might be developed.

His early work was all carefully preserved by his father and pasted on the wall, side by side, with his later and more finished productions. Thus he was encouraged, year by year, by being able to note the improvement he was making.

As is usually the case with artistic prodigies, he was so bombarded by friends, begging for their portrait, or "just a little scene of the hunt," that he became utterly wearied of his

It is wonderful to think that the silhouettist cut out this charming little scene without previously touching the paper with a pencil.

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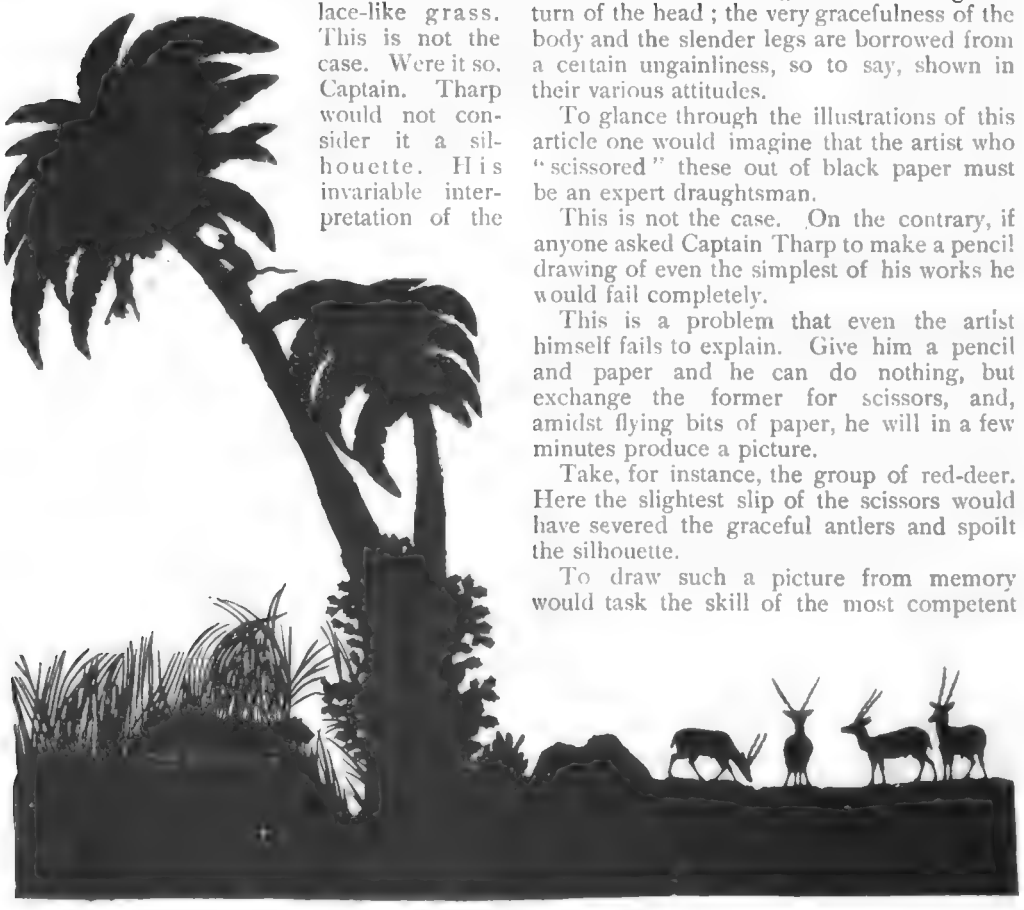
hobby, and for a time, only worked in fits and starts.

Later, when serving with his regiment, in India, Captain Tharp felt the desire to silhouette come over him again. But in such a broiling temperature he found it impossible to manipulate the paper. His fingers became as black as the silhouette itself, and he was eventually forced to discontinue it until he returned to England.

But although he was not practising his art, his residence in India had its compensating advantages. It afforded him ample opportunities, of which he was not slow to avail himself, of studying the wild denizens of the jungle, which he loves to portray.

In one of the pictures here reproduced, a tiger is seen stalking black buck. Some people might imagine that the hunter of the jungle has been first cut out and then pasted on behind the lace-like grass. This is not the case. Were it so, Captain Tharp would not consider it a silhouette. His invariable interpretation of the word is "a picture cut direct (no pencilling first) from one piece of paper without the addition of a single figure gummed on."



"When the tiger roams abroad."

Above the crouching tiger two monkeys are shown gibbering and jabbering aloft in the stately palm-trees. This is a true feature of jungle life. The monkeys are in a terrible state of agitation; they are fully aware of the danger, whilst the black buck graze, innocent of the approaching onslaught.

No one without studying the jungle could possibly have produced such a realistic picture, teeming as it does with animation.

The silhouette must necessarily leave much to the imagination; there is no shading to relieve the flatness of the picture. All depends on the perfection of the outline to convey an impression of depth, so that the mind's eye may fill in the details.

Stags are, perhaps, the most difficult of all animals to delineate correctly. The perspective of the horns changes with the slightest turn of the head; the very gracefulness of the body and the slender legs are borrowed from a certain ungainliness, so to say, shown in their various attitudes.

To glance through the illustrations of this article one would imagine that the artist who "scissored" these out of black paper must be an expert draughtsman.

This is not the case. On the contrary, if anyone asked Captain Tharp to make a pencil drawing of even the simplest of his works he would fail completely.

This is a problem that even the artist himself fails to explain. Give him a pencil and paper and he can do nothing, but exchange the former for scissors, and, amidst flying bits of paper, he will in a few minutes produce a picture.

Take, for instance, the group of red-deer. Here the slightest slip of the scissors would have severed the graceful antlers and spoilt the silhouette.

To draw such a picture from memory would task the skill of the most competent

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artist for several hours. Every now and then he would become dissatisfied with the posture of one of the deer, rub it out, and redraw it. When the outline had been produced to his satisfaction, he would ink it over, and it would be complete.

All this is denied to the worker in the "black art." Every time he snips his scissors it must be the beginning and the end of the part in process of construction. There is no remedy for an ungainly pose but to commence the scene all over again.

Captain Tharp is also an adept at comic silhouettes.

It would be more correct to call silhouette-cutting a gift rather than an art. No amount of practice will enable anyone to produce such pictures unless he has a natural talent for the work.

The artist who aspires to this method of delineation must possess two qualities—an accurate eye for form, and a steady hand. Without both these, he can do nothing. Steadiness of the hand is absolutely necessary, especially in the production of the fine tracery work shown in some of the illustrations.

Before commencing to work, he must have a perfect image in his mind of what he intends to produce. Unlike the artist with brush and pencil, he cannot improve and embellish his ideas as he goes along. No, he must begin with a fixed purpose, and end with that purpose. Again, he cannot with a few seconds' application of the rubber erradicate any defects. When once a piece of paper is cut out it is gone for ever. No amount of india-rubber can replace it. This shows that the silhouettist must be a more ready artist than he that wields the pencil, for one miscut may necessitate commencing the picture afresh.

The materials and tools for silhouetting are neither costly nor numerous They consist of what is called "surface" paper (unglazed), which is of a dull black on one side, costing twopence a sheet. For mounting his pictures Captain Tharp. the silhouettist, uses the best cardboard, which can be bought at any stationer's at twopence a sheet, and also a penny bottle of gum.

Ah, but what about the scissors, you will say? The magic "shears" he uses are either ladies' embroidery or surgical scissors, very sharp and long in the shaft, with fine-pointed blades, and rather loosely screwed together. But usually, most of his work is executed with quite ordinary scissors.

To the aspirant who would be a finished silhouettist, Captain Tharp offers the above little points of information, with the reminder that a true silhouette is that which is cut out by hand from *one* piece of paper, without a line of drawing, or patch work of any description.

A hunting scene—one of Captain Tharp's most beautiful works.

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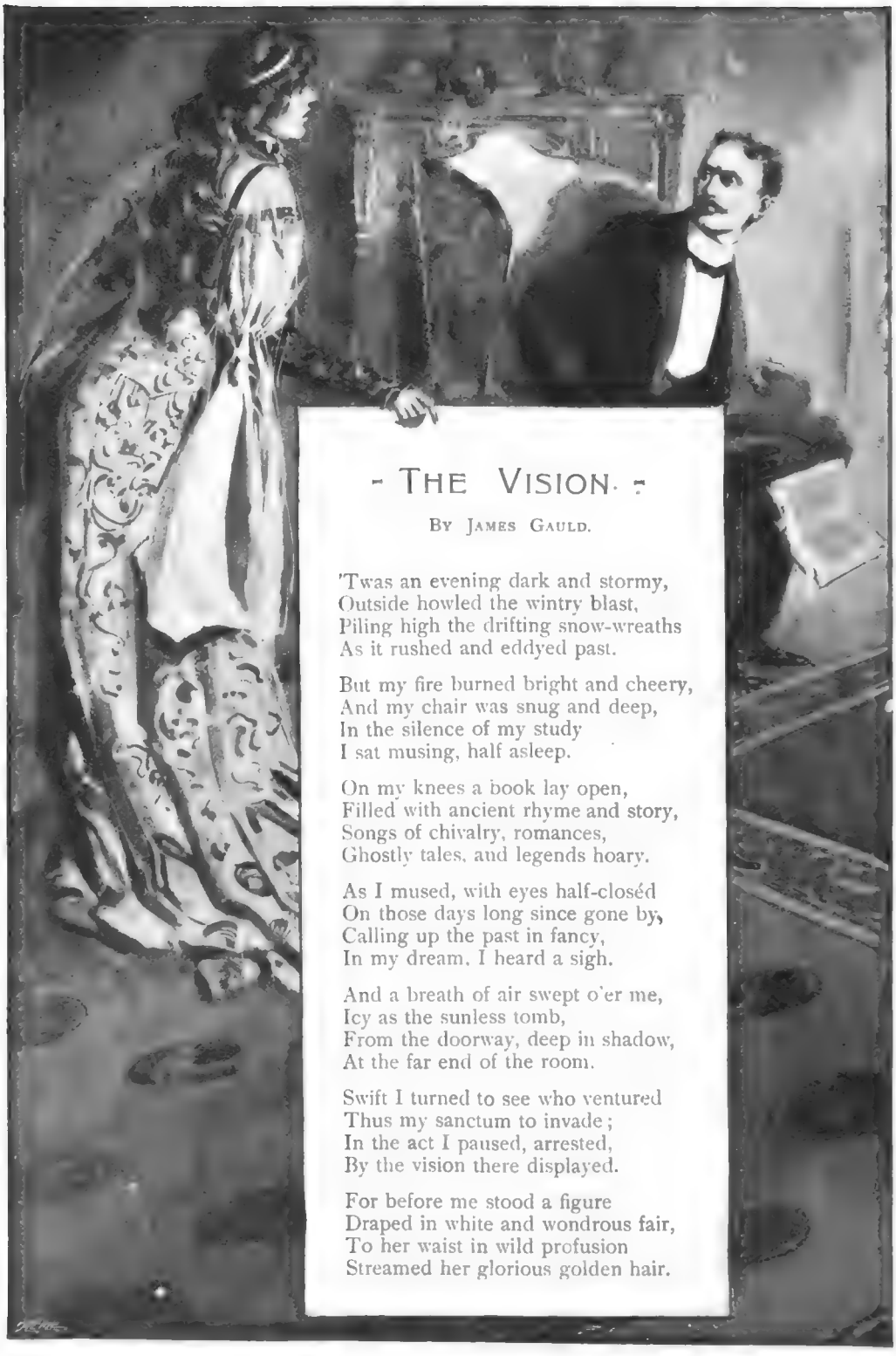

THE VISION.

By James Gauld.

'Twas an evening dark and stormy,
Outside howled the wintry blast,
Piling high the drifting snow-wreaths
As it rushed and eddyed past.

But my fire burned bright and cheery,
And my chair was snug and deep,
In the silence of my study
I sat musing, half asleep.

On my knees a book lay open,
Filled with ancient rhyme and story,
Songs of chivalry, romances,
Ghostly tales, and legends hoary.

As I mused, with eyes half-closéd
On those days long since gone by,
Calling up the past in fancy,
In my dream, I heard a sigh.

And a breath of air swept o'er me,
Icy as the sunless tomb,
From the doorway, deep in shadow,
At the far end of the room.

Swift I turned to see who ventured
Thus my sanctum to invade;
In the act I paused, arrested,
By the vision there displayed.

For before me stood a figure
Draped in white and wondrous fair,
To her waist in wild profusion
Streamed her glorious golden hair.

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On her head I saw a golden
Circlet gleam—then on me fell
From her eyes a look which drew me
To her feet as with a spell.

There I knelt, and all in wonder
Cried, "Oh! whence art thou, fair vision?
Hast thou come from Fields Elysian,
On some strange and heavenly mission?"

Then rang out a peal of laughter—
Laughter full of gay derision,
Rousing me from trance hypnotic
To a sense of my position.

'Twas my wife who had bewitched me,
And I called to mind—too late,
That my darling had been acting
At the local Village Fête.

She had just returned, still wearing
This her dainty fairy guise,
And had come in all her beauty
To delight her loved one's eyes.

But, for heartlessly deceiving
Of good husbands quite the best,
Nemesis did swift pursue her,
And her laughing flight arrest.

Two strong arms became her prison,
And despite expostulation,
Coaxing smiles and breathless struggles,
After brief consideration,

She was gravely tried, found guilty,
(Mark this, wayward dames and misses!)
And a penalty full heavy
Was exacted—all in kisses!
JOHN. CAMERON

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RED ROSES.

Told by a Pair of Slippers and Written by Mrs. Tom Godfrey.

We are small, pink, and sheeny. Also twins. But as one of us is "left" and the other "right," there's no mistaking which is which, and although we each possess but one eye, and that a twinkling diamond, we can see as much as those blessed with two.

The first time Lettice put us on, we were taken from our soft wrappings, by her maid Marie, and dumped on to the floor in front of the fire. A pair of pale pink silk stockings dangled above us; on the bed lay a blushing foam of chiffon. For Lettice was going to a ball, and her dress, like her dainty self, was to be a dream of loveliness.

As we stood blinking into the laughing fire wondering when Lettice's tiny feet would find their resting place in us, we listened to her pretty voice.

"I'm to lead the cotillon," she said.

"With what chentleman?" asked Marie in her "I-know-all-the-same" voice.

"Oh, with Mr. Noel," murmured Lettice as she came towards us.

The house-shoe she discarded chuckled as it fell on its side close to me.

"Keep your eye on *him* if you want some fun," it murmured.

"Why?" I asked, somewhat haughtily; for there's a yawning gulf between leather and satin, especially such shabby leather as that.

"He's sweet on her," it giggled, "and she's sweet on him. But Pa's sweet on the 'Tub.'"

"'The Tub'!" I gasped, as Lettice's right foot approached me.

"Yes, he's fat and rich—and——"

But Lettice, having put us on, went over to the bedside. And, although I was sorry to miss the end of the sentence, I wasn't grieved to move away from such a low person as that leather shoe, a sentiment my twin lost no time in echoing.

At that moment somebody knocked at the door, and Marie slipped out. There was some whispering before she came back, exclaiming:

"Look how lucky you are, Mees Letteece! Roses—just ze zing for your dress!"

I peeped out from beneath the soft *frou-frou* of Lettice's skirt, and saw Marie holding

The house-shoe she discarded chuckled as it fell on its side close to me.

in one hand some dark red roses, and in the other pink ones, varying from palest pink to deepest crimson.

"How lovely these are!" cried Lettice, bending over the shaded ones. "Who sent them?"

Marie smiled.

"Sir Charles Ross," she replied.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lettice, stamping her right foot and, therefore, poor me. "Bother the man! I don't want his roses. Throw them away."

She turned back to her dressing-table and

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picked up her gloves. Her anger, creeping down to her toes, made us feel quite uncomfortable.

"But these," stammered Marie, "Mademoiselle, do not reely want dese thrown away?"

And she held out the dark red bunch.

"Dey're from Mr. Noel, see," she added, showing a card.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lettice hastily, "No, I won't throw these away—only those others. I shall wear some of these, and——"

"Sir Charles will feel hurt," ventured the maid.

"What do I care!" retorted Lettice.

"But your papa will," continued the maid. "Such a nice chentleman, too; so rich, so——"

"Don't, Marie!" cried Lettice. And this time she stamped "left," so hard that the poor fellow nearly cracked.

"We're too tight!" it moaned.

But even as it spoke we had flown across the room, out on to the landing, skipped lightly down the stairs, and reached the hall in an almost breathless condition.

Then, before we had time to recover from our astonishment at Lettice's impulsive rush, we were tripping down the cold stone steps into the carriage.

A lady with fat, dumpy feet was sitting there. Her shoes, more old-fashioned and sedate than ourselves, hailed from the same high-class shop, and had left it much about the same time, after having been tried on quite thirty different feet.

"And so, Lettice," their owner was saying, "I hope you'll remember your father's wishes and dance as little as possible with Mr. Noel. Sir Charles Ross is the partner you——"

"Don't want, and won't have!" interrupted Lettice, drumming the carriage floor with her toes, so much to our distress that I gasped to the black satins:

"I'm not so sure that we have the best of it, after all."

"That's all you know!" they replied in chorus as the carriage stopped and Lettice prepared to get out.

In company with our doleful black friends we walked into the ballroom, and, thanks to Lettice's short skirts, saw everything there was to be seen, and enjoyed our first peep at the world we had been expressly made for. But the name, "Sir Charles Ross," roused us, and, when we saw before us a bulging, shiny pair of pumps, surmounted by a podgy, bulging, stumpy body, we couldn't help thinking that "tub" was a good name after all for the worthy baronet.

Then began the business of the evening. We twisted, twirled, slid from end to end of that long slippery room, or round and round it. Lettice was as light as a feather, and most of her partners were good. We wondered, when we had pause, what Sir Charles Ross would be like, for, in spite of her efforts to get rid of him, Lettice had been obliged to promise him a dance later on.

At last came the cotillon. And we made the acquaintance of the nicest pair of men's pumps we had met that evening. Mr. Noel and his feet were so shapely that we weren't surprised at his being preferred by Lettice to that red-faced, bald-headed, fat Sir Charles.

We made the acquaintance of the nicest pair of men's pumps we had met that evening.

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"We shall hear some pretty talk," said "left" to me.

"Not you," murmured "right" pump; "Noel's angry with her."

"Why?" demanded "left" indignantly.

"She professes to care for him, and yet won't brave all," said "left" pump, waltzing round to me.

And, whether these fascinating pumps were right or wrong, no other couple in the room spoke less than these two whose hearts were full of one another.

towards them. And we trembled for Mr. Noel's chances as Sir Charles talked tenderly, in so low a tone that we couldn't hear all he said. But presently his voice grew louder, and, when he asked her boldly if she would marry him, we quivered in suspense. Of the two I had the best of it, for Lettice crossed her knees and swung me carelessly to and fro, and, although the movement made me giddy, it enabled me to see Sir Charles' face, which was very eager and redder than ever.

"Shall I take you to Lady Larkin?" said Mr. Noel to Lettice at last, in as cold a tone as our old shop assistant's, when he asked if the customers would like to see some more shoes.

"Please," answered Lettice, lifting us over the floor with visible difficulty.

"Well!" said Lady Larkin, as Lettice sat down beside her. "I don't think much of *him* to-night. Sir Charles is——"

"Hateful!" stammered Lettice. "They both are!"

Which showed us what she really felt, and made us downright miserable, for how could we, a pair of dance shoes, put matters straight for her?

We asked each other that as we plodded heavily through the lancers with Sir Charles, and when, at the end of the dance, he said, "Shall we go to the conservatory?" we both trembled to hear her answer quite amiably, "If you like."

As fate would have it, they were alone; and we stood cold and stiff beside those ugly, bulging pumps, whose clumsy knocks had made us feel anything but friendly

"But I don't love you," said Lettice at last.

"That doesn't matter," he replied. "I'll soon teach you to do that. Say 'Yes,' Lettice, and you'll never regret it."

"I have cared for someone," she murmured, drooping sadly.

"But you don't now?" he asked a little anxiously.

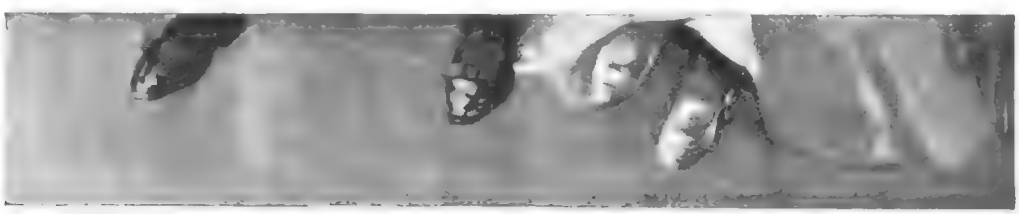
"No," stammered Lettice. "I care for no one—and, if you really want me, I'll say 'Yes.'"

I nearly dropped off her foot in my horror. What terrible mistake was she making?

"How can I thank you?" muttered Sir Charles, so delightedly, that I felt quite sorry for him. "I've long meant to say this, but you repulsed me so often. Only to-night, I felt emboldened on seeing you appear with my flowers, and——"

Then Lettice swung me suddenly to the ground and stood up.

"Your flowers!" she cried, tearing off her roses. "Did you send these?"



"But I don't love you," said Lettice at last.

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"I did," faltered Sir Charles, whilst his pumps shivered in sympathy.

"Then," continued Lettice, "I never meant to wear *your* flowers. I—I—hate them. And—what I said just now isn't true, for I can't marry you—ever."

So saying, she flung the flowers to the ground and turned angrily aside.

Sir Charles went up a peg in my estimation, as he quietly replied, "I'm sorry—and, so far as I'm concerned, this interview has never been."

Which was very decent of him, we think. But then, we're only shoes.

"You must allow me to take you back or people will notice," he said.

And Lettice obeyed him almost meekly, and, we hoped, feeling a little ashamed of herself.

But although she had many other dances, neither Sir Charles nor Mr. Noel came near her again.

So it was a weary, wretched girl that we and Lady Larkin took home that night.

* * * * *

The next morning Marie put us away before Lettice awoke, and we were too tired to resent being stuffed with tissue paper, instead of with Lettice's soft little feet; and cuddled down into our box with a feeling of relief. But after a time we grew restless, and longed for a glimpse of Lettice or of Marie, or even of the shabby leather shoe that had so upset us by his forward manner. Should we ever know if Lettice's tears had been dried?

Well, as luck would have it, we were to witness the end of the story after all, and in this fashion:

Marie brought us out of our hiding-place one evening when we had begun to think ourselves forgotten, and we saw our friends, the stockings, hanging over a chair-back, toasting their pretty selves just as we had first seen them. And, although we were none of us as daintily fresh as then, our joy could not have been greater at meeting, for age is the best test of friendship, even amongst shoes and stockings.

But no flowers came to Lettice, who hardly spoke at all to Marie, and looked very pale and sad, we all thought.

"Nothing can have happened," said the stockings.

"No, poor dear," we began, "and——"

But Lettice was in a hurry, and before we had time to realise it her little pink toes nestled within our little pink selves with a feeling of pleasure, to judge by their exclamation: "How jolly! These aren't new!"

And as we were glowing with pleasure at their contact, and flattering words, Lettice left her room, and went slowly downstairs.

In the carriage we renewed acquaintance with the stout lady's feet; but not with her shoes. She had a new pair on; rather an aggressive couple, for they hadn't got used to being stretched to their utmost, and corns were things they had never met before. So we remained silent and sad, for their presence reminded us of our own fragility, and if the friendly black satin had gone the way of all shoes, soles as well, our time wasn't far off, considering our extreme delicacy.

Yet even those thoughts were dispelled by

And on the way to dinner we made the acquaintance of a strange pair of pumps.

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our discovery, on entering a brilliantly lighted room, that we were at a dinner-party, and on the way to dinner we made the acquaintance of a strange pair of pumps—those of the gentleman who took Lettice to the dining-room.

At last the ladies rose and we all went back to the drawing-room, and Lettice sat down by a pair of pale blue satin shoes that had copied us in everything but size; for no foot could be as small as Lettice's nor so dainty, as we took care to tell them.

The talk was inane. Lettice had the sense to keep her mouth shut until the gentlemen came in, and then to our surprise we saw Sir Charles Ross; he came straight up to Lettice and the blue girl made way for him.

Presently there was a general move. The blue satins walked away with the bulgy pumps, and the very creatures we were thinking of came close to us. I refer to the elegant shapely shoes of Mr. Noel.

"Oh, we're very sad," they whispered. "How're you?"

"Life isn't worth living for us, weighted down as we are."

We all four went slowly to a smaller room behind a curtain. Our owners sat down on the window seat, and we waited, almost breathless.

"Lettice," said Mr. Noel, "I want to say good-bye to you here—with no one near us. I heard you were coming—from your father, whom I met to-day."

"Are you going away?" she asked in a squeaky little voice.

"I've a post in China and sail in a few days," he answered glumly.

"Oh!" sighed Lettice. And we nearly creaked in sympathy as she stiffened her toes and tucked us further under the seat.

"I wished to congratulate you on your engagement to Sir Charles," he continued, very politely. "I guessed it the night of Lady Darrien's ball, but——"

"My engagement to Sir Charles—but—but—it isn't true——" stammered Lettice, her feet tingling hotly.

"Not true!" exclaimed Mr. Noel.

"No," murmured Lettice in a low voice. "He *is* engaged, but not to me—to the girl in blue, Miss Attley."

"Oh!" he gasped. "But I thought! Then you must—Lettice, can I be mistaken? But no—for you never wore my flowers and you had promised to, and——"

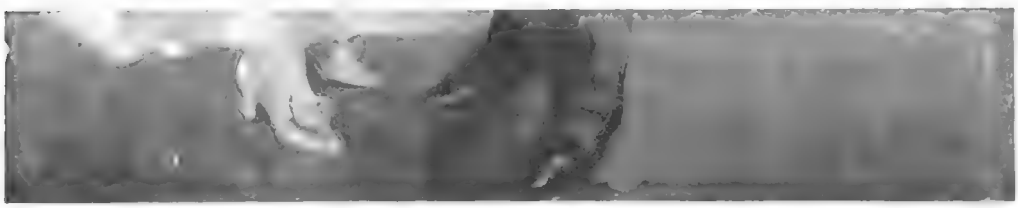
"Stop!" cried Lettice boldly. "I *must* tell you, as you're going away. Marie changed the flowers on purpose. He used to tip her so—and I meant to wear *yours* but they turned out to be *his*. And he spoke to me that night and then only did I discover the mistake. And you were so cold, and so horrid, that I daren't speak to you—and—oh, Dick, I've been so wretched ever since!"

There was a sudden earthquake above us, and we found ourselves so near the handsome pumps that they blushed with confusion all over their shiny surface.

"You darling! My love!" he murmured. "Then you loved me all the time!"

"Yes," whispered Lettice "I—"

But as what followed is too trivial for repetition, I leave it to you to guess.



We found ourselves so near to the handsome pumps that they blushed with confusion all over their shiny surface.

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THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

By The Baroness Orczy.

III.

THE TRAGEDY IN DARTMOOR TERRACE.

Being the Third Mystery Explained by the Remarkable Old Man in the Corner, who Appears to Delight in Tying Knots in String that no one Can Possibly Undo, whilst he Unravels Knotty Problems in Crime that no one else Can Unravel. In this Story he Clears up the Weird Circumstances Connected with the Death of Mrs. Yule.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who Unravels the Mystery to—
The Lady Journalist	Who Re-tells it to the Royal Readers.
Mrs. Yule	A rich Widow who is found dead in her house.
William Yule	Her Son.
Mrs. William Yule	His Wife.
William Bloggs	A gardener's Son whom Mrs. Yule adopted.
Mr. Statham	A Solicitor.
Annie and Jane	Servants.

CHAPTER I.

"It is not by any means the Law and Police Courts that form the only interesting reading in the daily papers," said the man in the corner airily, as he munched his eternal bit of cheesecake and sipped his glass of milk, like a frowsy old tom cat.

"You don't agree with me," he added, for I had offered no comment to his obvious remark.

"No?" I answered. "I suppose you were thinking——"

"Of the tragic death of Mrs. Yule, for instance," he replied eagerly. "Beyond the inquest, and its very unsatisfactory verdict, very few circumstances connected with that interesting case ever got into the papers at all."

"I forget what the verdict actually was," I said, eager, too, on my side to hear him talk about that mysterious tragedy, which, as a matter of fact, had puzzled a good many people.

"Oh, it was as vague and as wordy as the English language would allow. The jury found that 'Mrs. Yule had died through falling downstairs, in consequence of a fainting attack, but *how* she came to fall is not clearly shown.'"

"What had happened was this: Mrs. Yule

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was a rich and eccentric old lady, who lived very quietly in a small house in Kensington; No. 9, Dartmoor Terrace is, I believe, the correct address.

"She had no expensive tastes, for she lived, as I said before, very simply and quietly in a small Kensington house, with two female servants—a cook and a housemaid—and a young fellow whom she had adopted as her son.

"The story of this adoption is, of course, the pivot round which all the circumstances of the mysterious tragedy revolved. Mrs. Yule, namely, had an only son, William, to whom she was passionately attached; but, like many a fond mother, she had the desire of mapping out that son's future entirely according to her own ideas. William Yule, on the other hand, had his own views with regard to his own happiness, and one fine day went so far as to marry the girl of his choice, and that in direct opposition to his mother's wishes.

"Mrs. Yule's chagrin and horror at what she called her son's base ingratitude knew no bounds; at first it was even thought that she would never get over it.

"'He has gone in direct opposition to my fondest wishes, and chosen a wife whom I could never accept as a daughter; he shall have none of the property which has enriched me, and which I know he covets.'

"At first her friends imagined that she meant to leave all her money to charitable institutions; but oh! dear me, no! Mrs. Yule was one of those women who never did anything that other people expected her to. Within three years of her son's marriage she had filled up the place which he had vacated, both in her house and in her heart. She had adopted a son, preferring, as she said, that her money should benefit an individual rather than an institution.

"Her choice had fallen upon the only son of a poor man—an ex-soldier—who used to come twice a week to Dartmoor Terrace to tidy up the small garden at the back: he was very respectable and very honest—was born in the same part of England as Mrs. Yule, and had an only son whose name happened to be William; he rejoiced in the surname of Bloggs.

"'It suits me in every way,' explained Mrs. Yule to old Mr. Statham, her friend and solicitor. 'You see, I am used to the name of William, and the boy is nice-looking and has done very well at the Board School. Moreover, old Bloggs will die within a year or two, and William will be left without any incumbrances.'

"Herein Mrs. Yule's prophecy proved to be correct. Old Bloggs did die very soon, and his son was duly adopted by the rich and eccentric old lady, sent to a good school, and finally given a berth in the Union Bank.

"I saw young Bloggs—it is not a euphonious name, is it?—at that memorable inquest later on. He was very young and unassuming, and used to keep very much out of the way of Mrs. Yule's friends, who, mind you, strongly disapproved of his presence in the rich old widow's house, to the detriment of the only legitimate son and heir.

"What happened within the intimate and close circle of 9, Dartmoor Terrace during the next three years of course nobody can tell. Certain it is that by the time young Bloggs was nearing his twenty-first birthday, he had become the very apple of his adopted mother's eye.

"During those three years Mr. Statham and other old friends had worked hard in the interests of William Yule. Everyone felt that the latter was being very badly treated indeed. He had studied painting in his younger days, and now had set up a small studio in Hampstead, and was making perhaps a couple of hundred or so a year, and that, with much difficulty, whilst the gardener's son had supplanted him in his mother's affections, and, worse still, in his mother's purse.

"The old lady was more obdurate than ever. In deference to the strong feelings of her friends she had agreed to see her son occasionally, and William Yule would call upon his mother from time to time—in the middle of the day when Bloggs was out of the way at the Bank—stay to tea, and part from her in frigid, though otherwise amicable, terms.

"'I have no ill-feeling against my son,' the old lady would say, 'but when he married against my wishes, he became a stranger to me—that is all: a stranger, however, whose pleasant acquaintanceship I am pleased to keep up.'

"That the old lady meant to carry her eccentricities in this respect to the bitter end, became all the more evident, when she sent for her old friend and lawyer, Mr. Statham, and explained to him that she wished to make over to young Bloggs the whole of her property by deed of gift, during her lifetime—on condition that on his twenty-first birthday he legally took up the name of Yule.

"Mr. Statham subsequently made public, as you know, the whole of this interview which he had with Mrs. Yule.

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"'I tried to dissuade her, of course,' he said, 'for I thought it so terribly unfair on William Yule, and his children. Moreover, I had always hoped that when Mrs. Yule grew older and more feeble she would surely relent towards her only son. But she was terribly obstinate.'

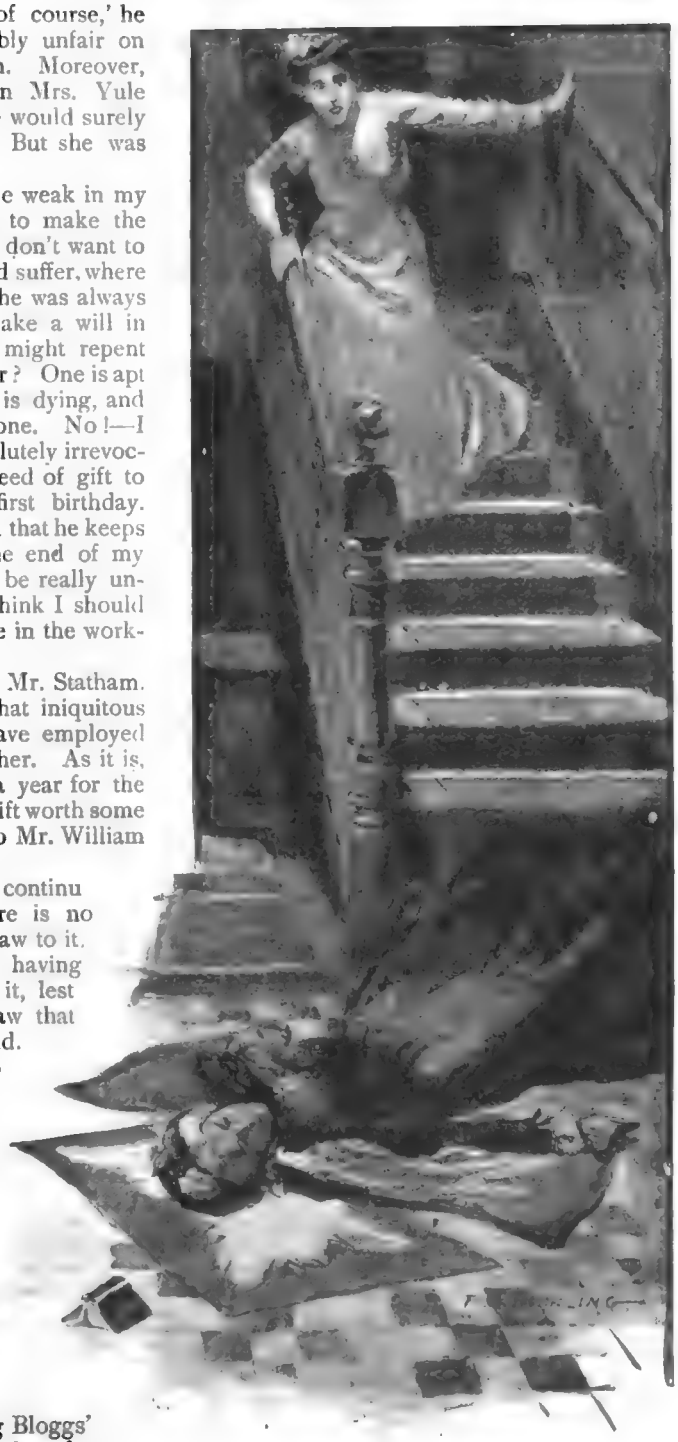
"'It is because I may become weak in my dotage,' she said, 'that I want to make the whole thing absolutely final—I don't want to relent. I wish that William should suffer, where I think he will suffer most, for he was always over fond of money. If I make a will in favour of Bloggs, who knows I might repent it, and alter it at the eleventh hour? One is apt to become maudlin when one is dying, and has people weeping all round one. No!—I want the whole thing to be absolutely irrevocable; and I shall present the deed of gift to young Bloggs on his twenty-first birthday. I can always make it a condition that he keeps me in moderate comfort to the end of my days. He is too big a fool to be really ungrateful, and after all I don't think I should very much mind ending my life in the workhouse.'

"'What could I do?' added Mr. Statham. 'If I had refused to draw up that iniquitous deed of gift, she only would have employed some other lawyer to do it for her. As it is, I secured an annuity of £500 a year for the old lady, in consideration of a gift worth some £30,000 made over absolutely to Mr. William Bloggs.'

"The deed was drawn up," continu the man in the corner, "there is no doubt of that. Mr. Statham saw to it. The old lady even insisted on having two more legal opinions upon it, lest there should be the slightest flaw that might render the deed invalid. Moreover, she caused herself to be examined by two specialists in order that they might testify that she was absolutely sound in mind, and in full possession of all her faculties.

"When the deed was all that the law could wish, Mr. Statham handed it over to Mrs. Yule, who wished to keep it by her until April 3rd—young Bloggs' twenty-first birthday—on which day she meant to surprise him with it.

"Mr. Statham handed over the deed to



The old lady was found dead at the foot of the stairs.

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Mrs. Yule on February 14th, and on March 28th—that is to say, six days before Bloggs' majority—the old lady was found dead at the foot of the stairs in Dartmoor Terrace, whilst her desk was found to have been broken open, and the deed of gift had disappeared."

CHAPTER II.

"From the very first the public took a great interest in the sad death of Mrs. Yule. The old lady's eccentricities were pretty well known throughout all her neighbourhood, at any rate. Then, she had a large circle of friends, who all took sides, either for the disowned son or for the old lady's rigid and staunch principles of filial obedience.

"Directly, therefore, that the papers mentioned the sudden death of Mrs. Yule, tongues began to wag, and, whilst some asserted 'Accident,' others had already begun to whisper 'Murder.'

"For the moment nothing definite was known. Mr. Bloggs had sent for Mr. Statham, and the most persevering and most inquisitive persons of both sexes could glean no information from the cautious old lawyer.

"The inquest was to be held on the following day, and perforce curiosity had to be bridled until then. But you may imagine how that coroner's court at Kensington was packed on that day. I, of course, was at my usual place—well to the front—for I was already keenly interested in the tragedy, and knew that a palpitating mystery lurked behind the old lady's death.

"Annie, the housemaid at Dartmoor Terrace, was the first, and I may say the only really important, witness during that interesting inquest. The story she told amounted to this: Mrs. Yule, it appears, was very religious, and, in spite of her advancing years and decided weakness of the heart, was in the habit of going to early morning service every day of her life at six o'clock. She would get up before anyone else in the house, and winter or summer, rain, snow, or fine, she would walk round to St. Matthias' Church, coming home at about a quarter to seven, just when her servants were getting up.

"On this sad morning (March 28th) Annie explained that she got up as usual and went downstairs (the servants slept at the top of the house) at seven o'clock. She noticed nothing wrong, her mistress's bedroom door was open as usual, Annie merely remarking to herself that the mistress was later than usual from church that morning. Then suddenly, in the hall at the foot of the stairs, she caught sight of Mrs. Yule lying head downwards, her head on the mat, motionless.

"'I ran downstairs as quickly as I could,' continued Annie, 'and I suppose I must 'ave screamed, for cook came out of 'er room upstairs, and Mr. Bloggs, too, shouted down to know what was the matter. At first we only thought Mrs. Yule was unconscious like. Me and Mr. Bloggs carried 'er to 'er room, and then Mr. Bloggs ran for the doctor.'

"The rest of Annie's story," continued the man in the corner, "was drowned in a deluge of tears. As for the doctor, he could add but little to what the public had already known and guessed. Mrs. Yule undoubtedly suffered from a weak heart, although she had never been known to faint. In this instance, however, she undoubtedly must have turned giddy, as she was about to go downstairs, and fallen headlong. She was of course very much injured—the doctor explained—but she actually died of heart failure, brought on by the shock of the fall. She must have been on her way to church, for her prayer book was found on the floor close by her, also a candle—which she must have carried, as it was a dark morning—had rolled along and extinguished itself as it rolled. From these facts, therefore, it was gathered that the poor old lady came by this tragic death at about six o'clock, the hour at which she regularly started out for morning service. Both the servants and also Mr. Bloggs slept at the top of the house, and it is a known fact that sleep in most cases is always heaviest in the early morning hours; there was, therefore, nothing strange in the fact that no one heard either the fall or a scream, if Mrs. Yule uttered one, which is doubtful.

"So far you see," continued the man in the corner, after a slight pause, "there did not appear to be anything very out of the way or mysterious about Mrs. Yule's tragic death. But the public had expected interesting developments, and I must say their expectations were more than fully realised.

"Jane, the cook, was the first witness to give the public an inkling of the sensations to come.

'She deposed that on Thursday, the 27th, she was alone in the kitchen in the evening after dinner, as it was the housemaid's evening out, when, at about nine o'clock there was a ring at the bell.

"'I went to answer the door,' said Jane, 'and there was a lady, all dressed in black as far as I could see—as the 'all gas always did burn very badly—still I think she was dressed dark, and she 'ad on a big 'at and a veil with

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spots. She says to me: "Mrs. Yule lives 'ere?" I says "She do 'm," though I don't think she was quite the lady, so I don't know why I said 'm, but——'

"'Yes, yes!' here interrupted the coroner somewhat impatiently, 'it doesn't matter what you said. Tell us what happened.'

"'Yes, sir,' continued Jane, quite undisturbed, 'as I was saying, I asked the lady her name, and she says: "Tell Mrs. Yule I would wish to speak with her," then as she saw me 'esitating, for I didn't like leaving 'er all alone in the 'all, she said, "Tell Mrs. Yule, that Mrs. William Yule wishes to speak with 'er.'"

"Jane paused to take breath, for she talked fast and volubly, and all eyes were turned to a corner of the room, where William Yule, dressed in the careless fashion affected by artists, sat watching and listening eagerly to everything that was going on. At the mention of his wife's name he shrugged his shoulders, and I thought for the moment that he would jump up and say something; but he evidently thought better of it, and remained as before, silent and quietly watching.

"'You showed the lady upstairs?' asked the coroner, after an instant's most dramatic pause.

"'Yes, sir,' replied Jane; 'but I went to ask the mistress first. Mrs. Yule was sitting in the drawing-room reading. She says to me, "Show the lady up at once; and, Jane," she says, "ask Mr. Bloggs to kindly come to the drawing-room." I showed the lady up, and I told Mr. Bloggs, who was smoking in the library, and 'e went to the drawing-room.

"'When Annie come in,' continued Jane, with increased volubility, 'I told 'er 'oo 'ad come, and she and me was very astonished, because we 'ad often seen Mr. William Yule come to see 'is mother, but we 'ad never seen 'is wife. "Did you see what she was like, cook?" says Annie to me. "No," I says, "the 'all gas was burnin' that badly, and she 'ad a veil on." Then Annie ups and says, "I must go up, cook," she says, "for my things is all wet. I never did see such rain in all my life. I tell you my boots and petticoats is all soaked through." Then up she runs, and I thought then that per'aps she meant to see if she couldn't 'ear anything that

"'I went to answer the door,' said Jane, 'and there was a lady all dressed in black . . . . and she 'ad on a big 'at and a veil with spots.'

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was goin' on upstairs. Presently she come down——'

"But at this point Jane's flow of eloquence received an unexpected check. The coroner preferred to hear from Annie herself whatever the latter may have overheard, and Jane, very wrathful and indignant, had to stand aside, while Annie, who was then recalled, completed the story.

"'I don't know what made me stop on the landing,' she explained timidly, 'and I'm sure I didn't mean to listen. I was going upstairs to change my things, and put on my cap and apron, in case the mistress wanted anything.

"'Then, I don't think I ever 'eard Mrs. Yule's voice so loud and angry.'

"'You stopped to listen?' asked the coroner.

"'I couldn't 'elp it, sir. Mrs. Yule was shoutin' at the top of 'er voice. "Out of my house," she says, "I never wish to see you or your precious husband inside my doors again."

"'You are quite sure that you heard those very words?' asked the coroner earnestly.

"'I'll take my Bible oath on every one of them, sir,' said Annie emphatically. 'Then I could 'ear someone crying and moaning: "Oh! what have I done? Oh! what have I done?" I didn't like to stand on the landing then, for fear someone should come out, so I ran upstairs, and put on my cap and apron, for I was all in a tremble, what with what I'd 'eard, and the storm outside, which was coming down terrible.

"'When I went down again, I 'ardly durst stand on the landing, but the door of the drawing-room was ajar, and I 'eard Mr. Bloggs say: "Surely you will not turn a human being, much less a woman, out on a night like this?" And the mistress said, still speaking very angry: "Very well, you may sleep here; but remember, I don't wish to see your face again. I go to church at six and come home again at seven; mind you are out of the house before then. There are plenty of trains after seven o'clock.'"

"After that," continued the man in the corner, "Mrs. Yule rang for the housemaid and gave orders that the spare-room should be got ready, and that the visitor should have some tea and toast brought to her in the morning as soon as Annie was up.

"But Annie was rather late on that eventful morning of the 28th. She did not go downstairs till seven o'clock. When she did, she found her mistress lying dead at the foot of the stairs. It was not until after the doctor had been and gone that both the servants suddenly recollected the guest in the spare-room. Annie knocked at her door, and, receiving no answer, she walked in; the bed had not been slept in, and the spare-room was empty.

"'There, now!' was the housemaid's decisive comment, 'me and cook did 'ear some one cross the 'all, and the front door bang about an hour after every one else was in bed.'

"Presumably, therefore, Mrs. William Yule had braved the elements and left the house at about midnight, leaving no trace behind her, save, perhaps, the broken lock of the desk that had held the deed of gift in favour of young Bloggs."

CHAPTER III.

"Some say there's a Providence that watches over us," said the man in the corner, when he had looked at me keenly, and assured himself that I was really interested in his narrative, "others use the less poetic and more direct formula, that 'the devil takes care of his own.' The impression of the general public during this interesting coroner's inquest was that the devil was taking special care of his own—('his own' being in this instance represented by Mrs. William Yule, who, by the way, was not present).

"What the Evil One had done for her was this: He caused the hall gas to burn so badly on that eventful Thursday night, March 27th, that Jane, the cook, had not been able to see Mrs. William Yule at all distinctly. He, moreover, decreed that when Annie went into the drawing-room later on to take her mistress's orders, with regard to the spare room, Mrs. William was apparently dissolved in tears, for she only presented the back of her head to the inquisitive glances of the young housemaid.

"After that the two servants went to bed, and heard someone cross the hall and leave the house about an hour or so later; but neither of them could swear positively that they would recognise the mysterious visitor if they set eyes on her again.

"Throughout all these proceedings, however, you may be sure that Mr. William Yule did not remain a passive spectator. In fact, I, who watched him, could see quite clearly that he had the greatest possible difficulty in controlling himself. Mind you, I knew by then exactly where the hitch lay, and I could, and will presently, tell you exactly all that occurred on Thursday evening, March 27th, at No. 9, Dartmoor Terrace, just as if I had spent that memorable night there myself; and I can

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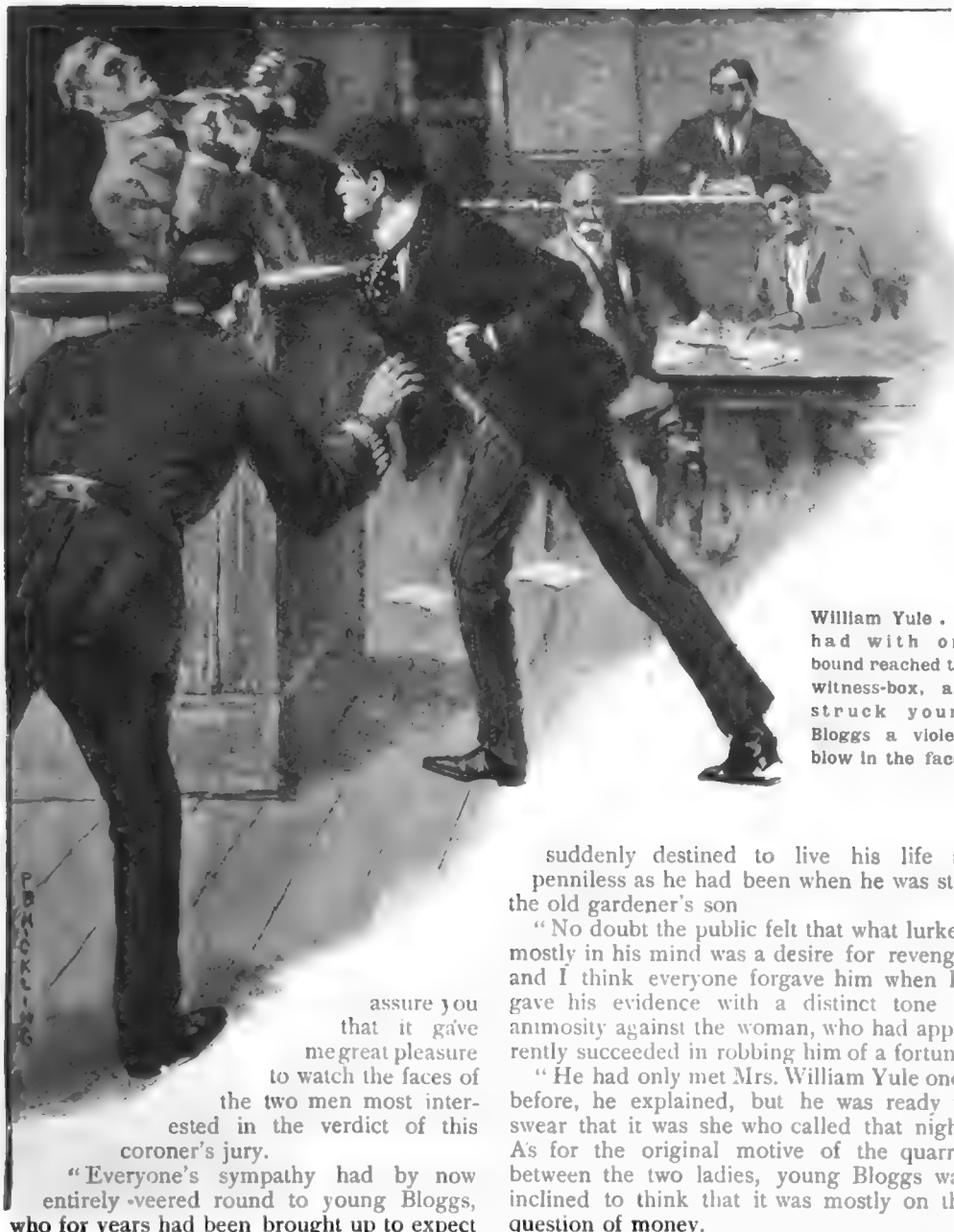

William Yule . . . had with one bound reached the witness-box, and struck young Bloggs a violent blow in the face.

assure you that it gave me great pleasure to watch the faces of the two men most interested in the verdict of this coroner's jury.

"Everyone's sympathy had by now entirely veered round to young Bloggs, who for years had been brought up to expect a fortune, and had then, at the last moment, been defrauded of it, through what looked already much like a crime. The deed of gift had, of course, not been what the lawyers call 'completed.' It had rested in Mrs. Yule's desk, and had never been 'delivered' by the donor to the donee, or even to another person on his behalf.

"Young Bloggs, therefore, saw himself suddenly destined to live his life as penniless as he had been when he was still the old gardener's son

"No doubt the public felt that what lurked mostly in his mind was a desire for revenge, and I think everyone forgave him when he gave his evidence with a distinct tone of animosity against the woman, who had apparently succeeded in robbing him of a fortune.

"He had only met Mrs. William Yule once before, he explained, but he was ready to swear that it was she who called that night. As for the original motive of the quarrel between the two ladies, young Bloggs was inclined to think that it was mostly on the question of money.

"'Mrs. William,' continued the young man, 'made certain peremptory demands on Mrs. Yule, which the old lady bitterly resented.'

"But here there was an awful and sudden interruption. William Yule, now quite beside himself with rage, had with one bound reached the witness-box, and struck young Bloggs a violent blow in the face.

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"'Liar and cheat!' he roared, 'take that!'

"And he prepared to deal the young man another even more vigorous blow, when he was overpowered and seized by the constables. Young Bloggs had become positively livid; his face looked grey and ashen, except there, where his powerful assailant's fist had left a deep purple mark.

"'You have done your wife's cause no good,' remarked the coroner drily, as William Yule, sullen and defiant, was forcibly dragged back to his place. 'I shall adjourn the inquest until Monday, and will expect Mrs. Yule to be present and to explain exactly what happened after her quarrel with the deceased, and why she left the house so suddenly and mysteriously that night.'

"William Yule tried an explanation even then. His wife had never left the studio in Sheriff Road, West Hampstead, the whole of that Thursday evening. It was a fearfully stormy night, and she never went outside the door. But the Yules kept no servant at the cheap little rooms; a charwoman used to come in every morning only for an hour or two, to do the rough work; there was no one, therefore, except the husband himself to prove Mrs. William Yule's alibi.

"At the adjourned inquest, on the Monday, Mrs. William Yule duly appeared; she was a young, delicate-looking woman, with a patient and suffering face, that had not an atom of determination or vice in it.

"Her evidence was very simple; she merely swore solemnly that she had spent the whole evening indoors, she had never been to 9, Dartmoor Terrace in her life, and, as a matter of fact, would never have dared to call on her irreconcilable mother-in-law. Neither she nor her husband were specially in want of money either.

"'My husband had just sold a picture at the Water Colour Institute,' she explained, 'we were not hard up; and certainly I should never have attempted to make the slightest demand on Mrs. Yule.'

"There the matter had to rest with regard to the theft of the document, for that was no business of the coroner's or of the jury. According to medical evidence the old lady's death had been due to a very natural and possible accident—a sudden feeling of giddiness—and the verdict had to be in accordance with this.

"There was no real proof against Mrs. William Yule—only one man's word, that of young Bloggs; and it would no doubt always have been felt that his evidence might not be wholly unbiased. He was therefore well advised not to prosecute. The world was quite content to believe that the Yules had planned and executed the theft, but he never would have got a conviction against Mrs. William Yule just on his own evidence."

[*At this point you should try to puzzle out the mystery for yourselves.*—ED.]

CHAPTER IV.

"THEN William Yule and his wife were left in full possession of their fortune?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, they were," he replied; "but they had to go and travel abroad for a while; feeling was so high against them. The deed, of course, not having been 'delivered,' could not be upheld in a court of law; that was the opinion of several eminent counsel whom Mr. Statham, with a lofty sense of justice, consulted on behalf of young Bloggs."

"And young Bloggs was left penniless?"

"No," said the man in the corner, as, with a weird and satisfied smile, he pulled a piece of string out of his pocket; "the friends of the late Mrs. Yule subscribed the sum of £1000 for him, for they all thought he had been so terribly badly treated, and Mr. Statham has taken him in his office as articled pupil. No! no! young Bloggs has not done so badly either——"

"What seems strange to me," I remarked, "is that, for ought she knew, Mrs. William Yule might have committed only a silly and purposeless theft. If Mrs. Yule had not died suddenly and accidentally the next morning, she would, no doubt, have executed a fresh deed of gift, and all would have been *in statu quo*."

"Exactly," he replied drily, whilst his fingers fidgeted nervously with his bit of string.

"Of course," I suggested, for I felt that the funny creature wanted to be drawn out; "she may have reckoned on the old lady's weak heart, and the shock to her generally, but it was, after all, very problematical."

"Very," he said, "and surely you are not still under the impression that Mrs. Yule's death was purely the result of an accident?"

"What else could it be?" I urged.

"The result of a slight push from the top of the stairs," he remarked placidly, whilst a complicated knot went to join a row of its fellows.

"But Mrs. William Yule had left the house before midnight—or, at any rate, someone had. Do you think she had an accomplice?"

"I think," he said excitedly, "that the mysterious visitor who left the house that night had an instigator whose name was William Bloggs."

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"I don't understand," I gasped in amazement.

"Point No. 1," he shrieked, while the row of knots followed each other in rapid succession, 'young Bloggs swore a lie when he swore that it was Mrs. William Yule who called at Dartmoor Terrace that night."

"What makes you say that?" I retorted.

"One very simple fact," he replied, "so simple that it was, of course, overlooked. Do you remember that one of the things which Annie overheard was old Mrs. Yule's irate words, 'Very well, you may sleep here; but, remember, I do not wish to see your face again. You can leave my house before I return from church; you can get plenty of trains after seven o'clock.' Now what do you make of that?" he added triumphantly.

"Nothing in particular," I rejoined; "it was an awfully wet night, and——"

"And High Street Kensington Station within two minutes' walk of Dartmoor Terrace, with plenty of trains to West Hampstead, and Sheriff Road within two minutes of this latter station," he shrieked, getting more and more excited, "and the hour only about ten o'clock, when there *are* plenty of trains, from one part of London to another? Old Mrs. Yule, with her irascible temper, and obstinate ways would have said: 'There's the station, not two minutes' walk, get out of my house, and don't ever let me see your face again.' Wouldn't she now?"

"It certainly seems more likely."

"Of course it does. She only allowed the woman to stay because the woman had either a very long way to go to get a train, or perhaps had missed her last train—a connection on a branch line presumably—and could not possibly get home at all that night."

"Yes, that sounds logical," I admitted.

"Point No. 2," he shrieked, "young Bloggs having told a lie, had some object in telling it. That was my starting point; from there I worked steadily until I had reconstructed the events of that Thursday night—nay more, until I knew something more about young Bloggs' immediate future, in order that I might then imagine his past.

"And this is what I found.

"After the tragic death of Mrs. Yule, young Bloggs went abroad at the expense of some kind friends, and came home with a wife, whom he is supposed to have met and married in Switzerland. From that point everything became clear to me. Young Bloggs had told a lie when he swore that it was Mrs. William Yule who called that night—it was certainly *not* Mrs. William Yule; therefore it was somebody who either represented herself as such, or who believed herself to be Mrs. William Yule.

"The first supposition," continued the funny creature, "I soon dismissed as impossible; young Bloggs knew Mrs. William Yule by sight—and since he had lied, he had done so deliberately. Therefore to my mind the lady who called herself Mrs. William Yule did so because she believed that she had a right to that name; that she had married a man, who, for purposes of his own, had chosen to call himself by that name. From this point to that of guessing who that man was was simple enough."

"Do you mean young Bloggs himself?" I asked in amazement.

"And whom else?" he replied. "Isn't that sort of thing done every day? Bloggs was a hideous name, and Yule was eventually to be his own. With William Yule's example before him, he must have known that it would be dangerous to broach the marriage question at all before the old lady, and probably only meant to wait for a favourable opportunity of doing so. But after a while the young wife would naturally become troubled and anxious, and, like most women under the same circumstances, would become jealous and inquisitive as well.

"She soon found out where he lived, and no doubt called there thinking that old Mrs. Yule was her husband's own fond mother.

"You can picture the rest. Mrs. Yule, furious at having been deceived, herself destroys the deed of gift which she meant to present to her adopted son, and from that hour young Bloggs sees himself penniless.

"The false Mrs. Yule left the house, and young Bloggs waited for his opportunity on the dark landing of a small London house. One push and the deed was done. With her weak heart, Mrs. Yule was sure to die of the shock if not of the fall.

"Before that, already the desk had been broken open and every appearance of a theft given to it. After the tragedy, then, young Bloggs retired quietly to his room. The whole thing looked so like an accident that, even had the servants heard the fall at once, there would still have been time enough for the young villain to sneak into his room, and then to re-appear at his door, as if he, too, had been just awakened by the noise.

"The result turned out just as he expected. The William Yules have been and still are suspected of the theft; and young Bloggs is a hero of romance, with whom everyone is in sympathy.

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A purse, nail-brush, and rabbit's skull, posted by the author. All three arrived at their destinations without any delay whatever.

An Article Showing the Wonderful Ingenuity of the Post Office Officials in Conducting Safely to their Districts some of the Strange Objects, Large and Small, which have been Posted as Letters.

By Reginald Bray.

If one were asked: "What is the most wonderful system under Government control?" what would be his answer?

Most probably the last thing that would occur to him would be those three letters "G.P.O." But, undoubtedly, they represent the most marvellously organised system in England. Anyone who thinks for a moment will see this at a glance. But familiarity fosters contempt, and the man of to-day has become so accustomed to the postman's knock and the daily appearance of letters, that he does not trouble himself regarding the ways and means that brings them to him. He does not pause when a letter arrives and think that but a few hours back it was dropped into a red pillar-box, perhaps in a lonely Northern village, and now, after passing through a dozen or more hands and over a couple of hundred miles, it is brought to him—all for the trifling sum of one penny.

Yet, there are some people who denounce the Postal authorities because an occasional letter has gone astray. Nine times out of ten the fault lies, not with the Post Office, but with the sender. Probably in his haste the letter has been left lying upon a pile of papers. These get tidied away and with them the letter. But, of course, it is the G.P.O. that gets the blame. At any rate, the surest way to know whether a letter has actually been posted or not is to register it. Then, with the receipt in one's pocket, there is never any occasion for complaint. This is the best advice I can give those people who talk so largely on Postal negligence.

This Russian cigarette, as it was damaged in transit, was delivered in an official envelope, for which an extra fee of one penny was charged.

When it is considered what a vast number of letters and circulars annually pass through the post, it is surprising that far more are not lost. Letters come pouring in from all parts of the world. But, very few go astray. Even when the mail boat is wrecked, the first salvage duty is to rescue the mails. These may be sodden and faded, yet in most cases, one day a letter will arrive with the words, "Recovered from the wreck of ——" stamped in red upon the envelope. Who can wish for a better example of the care with which a letter is treated—all for the value of that scrap of red or blue paper in the corner?

Some time ago it occurred to me to venture on the Post Office authorities a number of letters, curious both in form and address. This course I did not enter upon without much consideration and hesitancy, for it would be most unfair, to say the least of it, to cause a lot of unnecessary trouble, merely for the sake of playing a senseless prank. My

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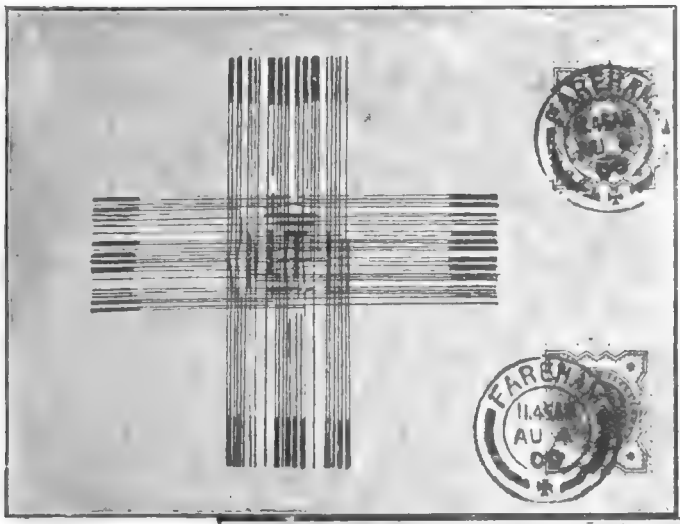


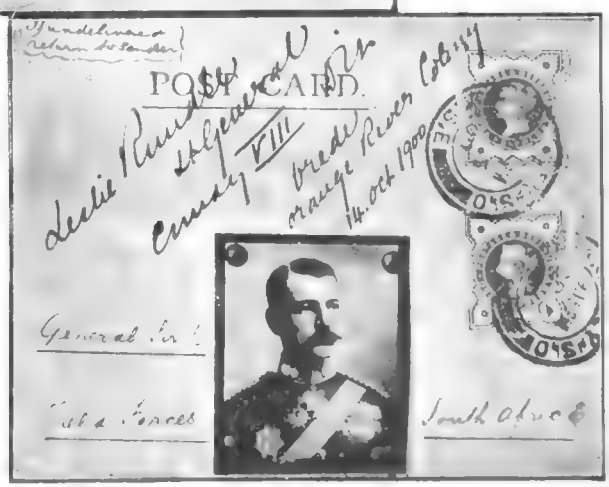
To read this hold the magazine above the head, close one eye, and look up. The address will then become quite legible.

object from the beginning was to test the ingenuity of the Postal authorities, and, if possible, to vindicate them of the "charges of carelessness and neglect." Should these lines come before the eyes of any official through whose hands my "trick letters" have passed, I hope he will accept this explanation as an apology for any extra trouble that I may have caused him. I might here mention that all the objects illustrating the article have been genuinely accepted as letters.

Probably the most curious and gruesome "envelope" ever dropped into a pillar-box was sent by me. It consisted of a rabbit's skull with the stamp on the back and the address written along the nasal bone. Inside I placed the letter. I wonder what the postman must have thought when he delivered this odd missive! But this is only one of the many—"freaks" I call them—with which I inflicted the Post Office. A frying-pan, a turnip, a bicycle bell, and a host of other things followed the rabbit's skull in quick succession. Perhaps it was a purse that puzzled the collector most. Inside I wrote the address and stuck the stamp, then closed and posted the purse. There was nothing without to show that it was a letter; but, in no wise daunted, the collector actually opened it, and saw what was within. A day later it was delivered to my friend's house in Suffolk.

It is astonishing what a big letter can be sent for a penny. But it is more astonishing what a small letter will be accepted as one. Some people have gone so far as to write a note on the back of a

This is one of the author's triumphs. The Post Office entirely failed to find Santa Clausland.



A postcard, with a photograph of General Sir Leslie Rundle gummed on instead of his name, reached him safely during the South African war.

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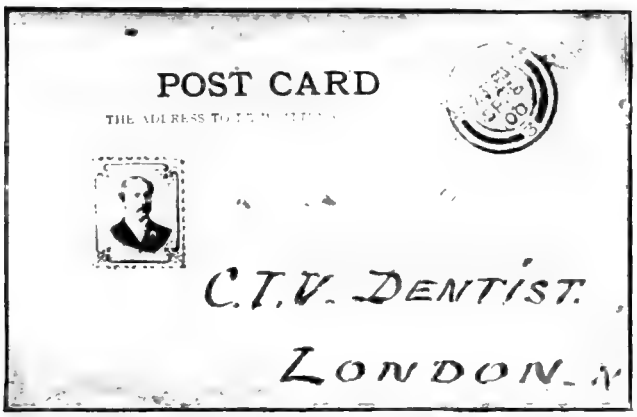


A miniature photograph of the person for whom this postcard was intended proved quite sufficient for the postman to find him.

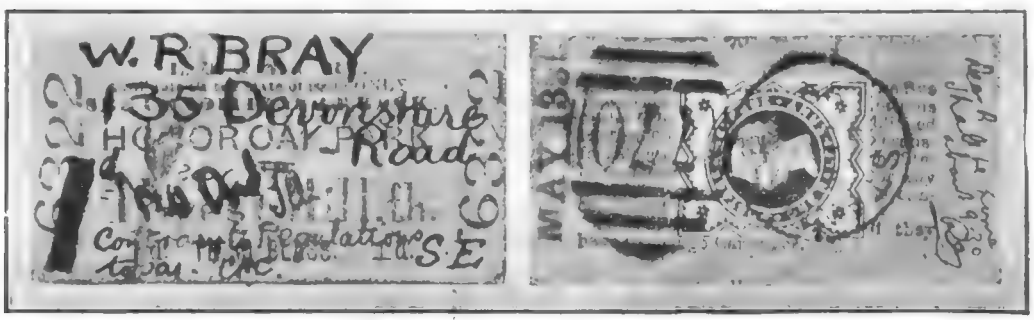
penny stamp and to post it. One could scarcely blame the collector for failing to catch sight of such a minute object. Still, in spite of this, I know of several instances where it has been successfully accomplished.

A Russian cigarette is in truth a small enough object to be picked out of a host of letters. All the same, this is with what I started my experiments on the Post Office. Along the paper mouthpiece I wrote the address and on the other end stuck a halfpenny stamp. It must have been rather awkward to obliterate the stamp. However, the officials managed to do it, but in doing so the cigarette was damaged. This mishap cost me a penny, for the officials in order not to deprive me of my smoke, delivered the cigarette in an official envelope.

Passing from such freaks, I thought to baffle the sorter by sending an envelope with seemingly nothing more than a cross, composed of straight lines, upon it for the address. It was useless! Holding the postcard above his head, and looking up at it with one eye closed, he read: "Bray, Forest Hill."

At last I really scored a triumph, for, try as they would, the G.P.O. completely failed to deliver my postcard to Santa Claus. However, in returning it, they certainly cast most of the blame upon my shoulders, by impressing the words "Insufficiently addressed" above the dear old gentleman's name.

During the Boer War, I sent postcards to almost every general at the Front, without once writing their names. British Field Forces, South Africa, was all



A railway ticket can be sent as a postcard.

the address I gave, with a miniature photograph of the particular general whom I wished to communicate with

This shows a postcard that reached a person of whose name and address the writer had not the remotest idea. He only knew the situation of the house, which is indicated by an arrow.

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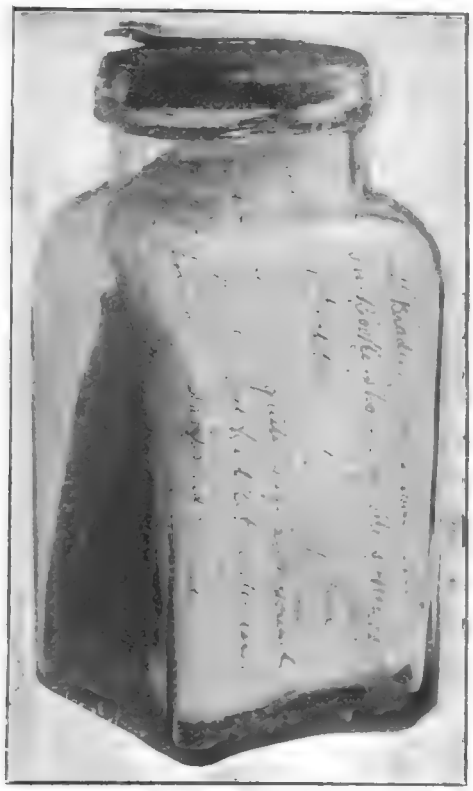


A pickle bottle that carried a message across the Irish Sea. It was eventually picked up and forwarded by the finder to the author.

attached to the card. As a further aid to the postman I added the rank and initials. In most cases, the cards reached their destination and were returned to me free of charge (as letters generally are from those on active service), with the Generals' autographs added.

In a large city like London one would not imagine that it was possible for the mere photograph of a person on an envelope to be sufficient to insure the safe delivery of a letter. But this is precisely how I succeeded in sending a message to my cousin, Dr. G. G. Forster, of Highbury Place. And what is still more remarkable, the card was posted at Worcester. No doubt, the letters "C.I.V. Dentist," helped the postman considerably in his puzzling task.

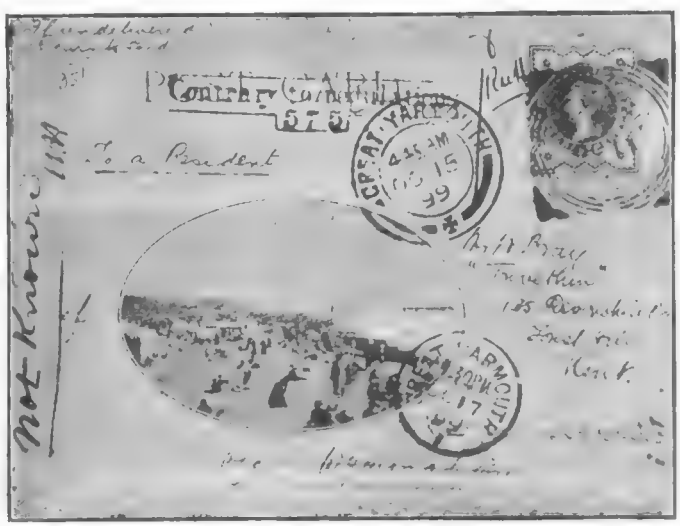
On another occasion I carried this idea out still further, and sent a postcard to a person whose name and address I had not the remotest idea of. All I knew was that he lived close to Clifton Suspension Bridge. That was sufficient for me! I promptly bought a postcard on which was printed a view of the bridge. There I discovered the desired house, and with a few strokes of the pen, marked its position with an arrow, and wrote: "To the occupier of this house." Needless to say, my plan succeeded!

"To a resident," and a picture of Yarmouth beach. That is what a Yarmouth postman one day found in his bag. I can imagine how delighted he must have felt as he trudged along the sands searching for that ubiquitous "resident." However, this must have been a particularly resourceful postman, for he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "To a resident——" then a picture of Yarmouth Sands! Back to the streets he returned, knocked at the door of a certain house, and smilingly announced:

"This is for Mr. Beech, I think!"

But it was not; and the card was eventually returned to me.

A telegram, everyone must admit, is only a condensed letter sent at lightning speed, so it certainly has a claim to be included amongst Postal Curiosities. Most people imagine that when they have penned a dozen short words they have had a good sixpennyworth. This is quite a mistake. What I call a good sixpennyworth consists of over two hundred and ten letters in twelve words. And the telegraph clerk cannot legally claim a penny more for



A photograph of Yarmouth beach and the words "To a resident" was the only address given on this. The postman evidently thought that he had a conundrum to solve, for he delivered it to a Mr. Beech who resides there.

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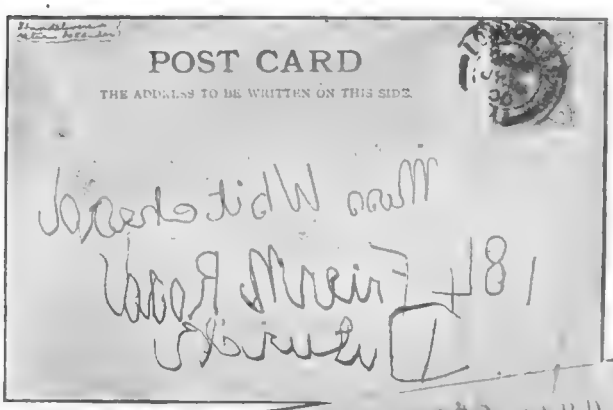
such a message. Here is a telegram that I sent:

"To (1) Bray (2) Devonshire (3) Road (4) Forest (5) Hill (6) Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwryndrobwll - Llandisiliogogogoch (7) Sutton-under-the-Whitestone-Cliff (8) Ruyton-of-the-Eleven-Towns (9) Willoughby-on-the-Wolds (10) Llanarmon - Dyffryn - Ceiriog (11) Pontrhydfendigaid (12) Newtownmountkennedy."



This is only an ordinary address written backwards.

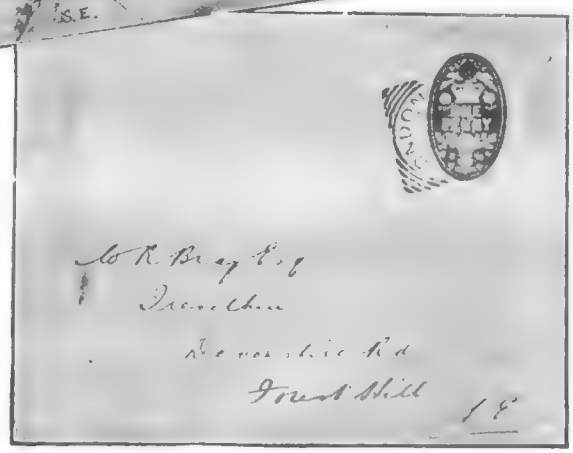
A picture puzzle. The name, place, and county are all illustrated by sketches.

For your own sake, please don't try and pronounce the sixth name. It has been known to give some people chronic laryngitis; and laryngitis is really a most uncomfortable ill. Quite a new system of sending long telegrams has just been brought in. An agreement has been drawn up by the Postal authorities and the National Telephone Company, which allows a message to be telephoned to any Post Office using their wires. The Post Office then undertakes to deliver the message at the rate of threepence for thirty words, delivered within a mile radius. For every additional or fraction of a mile, threepence extra. This will mean a great saving to those in the habit of sending lengthy "wires," and it is almost equally as rapid as telegraphing the message the whole way.

I must now return to my persecution of the Post Office. How the sorters must have invoked the gods upon my head when they caught sight of my innocent postcard with the address written backwards! At the best, the writing is not very clear; and I doubt very much whether any of my readers will be able to decipher it in less than five minutes. Nevertheless, the postman left it, scornfully refusing to remark on its peculiarities.

Another unsuccessful attempt was suggested to me by the "Picture Puzzle" craze. This took the form of illustrating my name and address (Bray, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill), instead of writing it on the postcard. My name is unfortunately, shown to be issuing out of the mouth of an ass, which, to say the least of it, is scarcely complimentary. A map of the "lobster's tail" part of England pictured the road, and "Forest Hill," was too simply depicted to be worth mentioning.

Most people, I do not doubt, have tried to see whether an unused foreign



The stamp on this envelope is an ordinary cheque stamp. It was apparently passed in mistake for an embossed letter stamp.

stamp will pay the postage on a letter. This is frequently resorted to, not with any intent to defraud the Post Office, but by an over-enthusiastic stamp collector anxious to secure

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The author and his bicycle are being delivered as a registered letter. The P.O. messenger is shown presenting a "receipt form" which the recipient has to sign, acknowledging the safe arrival of the "letter."

a novelty in postmarks. He is nearly always disappointed. The letter arrives right enough, but there is twopence to pay. This he would not mind, only he finds the foreign stamp in the corner has not received the coveted obliteration.

Some people try this game on by placing an English stamp and a foreign stamp side by side. Even then the careful official more often than not only postmarks the former! Of course, there are many instances of a foreign stamp having passed through our Post Offices, but then it is entirely an oversight. Most probably the letter I sent with a banker's receipt stamp, neatly cut to shape and gummed in the corner, was passed in mistake for an embossed letter stamp. That is the only solution I can offer!

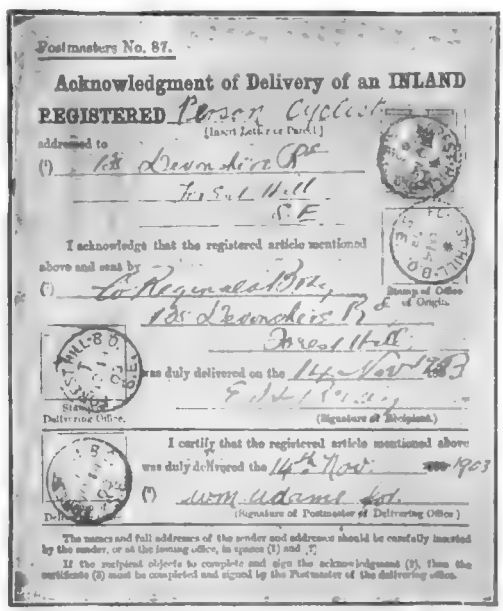
The more one looks into the Post Office the more surprises one discovers. What mothers know that, if they like, they can send their little ones to school as letters? Possibly, as soon as the "mother-readers" see this, the Post Offices will be crowded with toddling infants, both in and out of "prams," all waiting to be taken to schools, or out for a day in the country. "But I should not like my child to be carried with postage stamps, and arrive at the school as black as a nigger with postmarks!" That is what I expect some mothers will say.

Oh, don't be alarmed, nothing like this will happen! All that you need do is to take the child to the Post Office across the road, pay a small fee, and a messenger boy will escort the little one to the very door of the school. However, the Post Office officials do not appear anxious to gain fame as nurse providers to infants.

Again it is the same with animals. It is quite possible that you might even be be able to send a horse through the post. I don't say that you can, but all the same, I should not be in the least surprised if this were really so.

For the Post Office is a wonderful place; it can work miracles.

Now, should you one day take a stroll through the Park with a smart little terrier at your heels, and should you suddenly wish to send him home, what are you to do? The answer is simple. Why, take him to the nearest Post Office, of course! After handing in the address and paying a small fee, you may leave him and make your call. And when you return, there you will find him waiting on the mat to greet you as lively as a cricket after his passage through the post.



Postmasters No. 87.

Acknowledgment of Delivery of an INLAND REGISTERED Person Cyclist
[Insert Letter or Parcel]
addressed to
(1) 18 Devonshire Rd
Forest Hill
S.E.

I acknowledge that the registered article mentioned above was sent by
(2) Lt Reginald Rd
18 Devonshire Rd
Forest Hill

Stamp of Office of Origin.

was duly delivered on the 14 Nov 1903
(Signature of Recipient.)

Delivering Office.

I certify that the registered article mentioned above was duly delivered the 14th Nov 1903
(3) [illegible]
(Signature of Postmaster of Delivering Office.)

The names and full addresses of the sender and addressee should be carefully inserted by the sender, or at the issuing office, in spaces (1) and (2).

If the recipient objects to complete and sign the acknowledgment (2), then the certificate (3) must be completed and signed by the Postmaster of the delivering office.

This is the form that the recipient of the living "letter" had to sign before the messenger would hand over the author and his bicycle.

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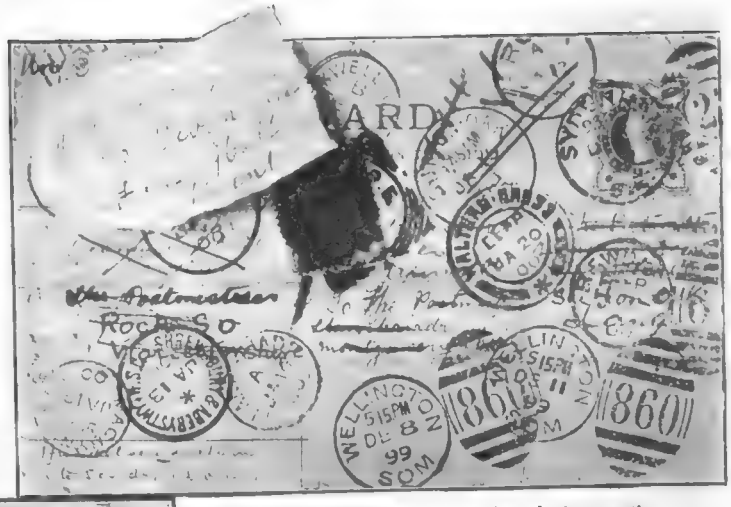
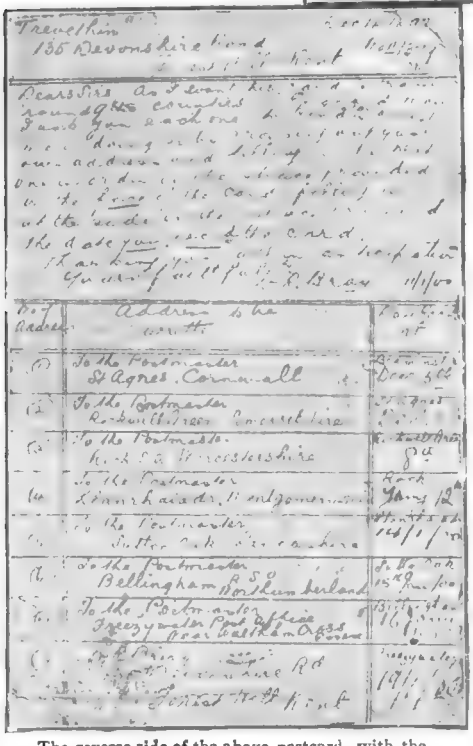
This is only the beginning of the astonishing resources of the Post Office. Should you be cycling out to a strange town, and wish to call upon someone the whereabouts of whose house you have not the remotest idea, again the Post Office is waiting to come to your aid. You can post yourself, bicycle and all. It naturally requires some nerve to walk in and say: "Please I have come to post myself, and there's my



A postcard which travelled through nine counties before being returned to the author.



The reverse side of the above postcard, with the names of the nine counties, and the dates on which they were received by the several postmasters.

bicycle too, outside." Most likely the clerk will stare at you very hard, and take you for an escaped lunatic. He will then go to the Postmaster and for a couple of minutes engage him in deep conversation. After which, several minutes of book-searching will follow. Then, the clerk will smilingly accept the living letter. Having paid the fee, and given the address, a cyclist telegraph messenger at once takes possession of the living letter and riding in front, soon delivers his charge at the house.

If you fear that the careless telegraph messenger might lose his "letter," the safest plan to insure safe delivery is to register yourself. For a small sum you are placed under the special charge of the Post Office. A form is carefully filled in describing the "article" and the office stamp is duly impressed twice at the side.

When this is done, it is given to the messenger who, on your arrival, demands the signature of the recipient before he will hand you over.

Everyone has heard of the snowball system of collecting subscriptions. This idea I used to collect postmarks of nine counties on one postcard. My plan was to send a postcard to say A. post office, with the request that it should be sent to B. Post Office in the next county, and so on.

After reading this, who can feel justified in accusing the Postal authorities of lack of care? What an immense amount of trouble the poor clerks and the Postmasters must have been put to on my account! And right through, I am bound to admit a crushing defeat. For out of all my puzzle letters only the one addressed to Santa Claus and the one delivered by mistake to Mr. Beech of Yarmouth, failed to reach their destination.

NOTE.—We think that no further demonstrations are needed to prove the officials as ingenious and painstaking a body as it is well possible to imagine.

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ANOTHER PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY.

Concerning a Professor who Invented a Collapsible Boat that was just a Trifle too Collapsible: the Heroic Action of Frederica Muggeridge and the Compensating Result of her Bravery.

PROFESSOR VON BIGWITZ was, in every sense of the word, a great man—no one could deny him the title, if only for his physical bulk. Over six feet in height, and weighing eighteen stone, an immense head and leonine mane surmounted an unwieldy body, supported on rather bandy legs. But his brain also was great; full of ideas — not always quite practical, perhaps, but invariably possessing the virtue of novelty. To use the Professor's own words, as he ran his fingers through his masses of yellow hair:

"I haf great things running in mein head."

Von Bigwitz, though clever, was not in affluent circumstances—not an unusual occurrence amongst inventors—but he had discovered a capitalist to back him.

This was a gentleman named Merryworth Muggeridge, an opulent financier, who, having great faith in the Professor, was always prepared to find the money for an experiment whenever von Bigwitz was ready with an idea. It had been a costly foible on the part of Mr. Muggeridge up to now, but it pleased him, and it certainly pleased the Professor. When, once, a friend remonstrated with the financier on his recklessness in finding the capital for all the German's notions, he had replied sententiously:

"Some men spend their money on horses, some on yachts, some on shooting or motor cars, some on things less reputable than any of these; well, I don't spend a shilling on any of such things; I prefer to find my amusement in encouraging the spirit of invention, either in the Professor or some other man with brains."

Fortunate, indeed, was it that the Professor had chanced upon such a man, for the Professor was not a capitalist.

The financier's family was limited to one daughter, no longer in the first giddy blush of youth, and—if truth be told—hardly qualified to take high rank amongst typical English beauties; but the homely exterior covered a determined spirit, and Frederica Muggeridge was quite resolved—having already let a more eligible suitor slip through her fingers—to make the Professor her own.

At first, von Bigwitz seemed to fall in with the lady's scheme; but latterly, whether because he had altered his mind or that all his time was absorbed in perfecting a new sort of collapsible boat, he had cooled off a little, and Frederica feared that if once the new invention were declared successful, and the Professor was put in funds, he might very possibly evade her virgin charms altogether.

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If, on the other hand, the invention were not a success, then the guileless Teuton would have, she thought, as a last resource, to take her and the comfortable dowry which went with her as "one job lot," to use the auctioneering phrase.

As a personal friend of the Professor, I called one day at the garret—upstairs apartment, I mean.

He received me with a smile which seemed to go all round the back of his head.

"*Ja.* I tink I 'ave got 'im," he said modestly, in reply to my query as to whether he had yet brought to perfection his marvellous idea for a combined collapsible boat and umbrella sail.

The boat—as far as I could judge by the model and the Professor's explanation—claimed to be a sort of glorified Berthon, an invention with which we are all familiar, fitted with a short mast and umbella-like attachment, which, when raised to the favouring breeze, acted as a sail.

"I haf giffen 'im much time und addention, and 'e is now zo perfect as 'e shall be," continued the great man. "Der money haf been found for to build vun boat, vot you call 'lifesize,' und dermorrow, we go to try 'im in der Thames von Maidenhead."

I at once asked if I might be present, or whether the experiment was to be conducted in private?

"In private! *Ach himmel!* no. Id will be in der public."

I asked which public?

He didn't quite grasp the meaning of my question. I explained—then *he* explained. He didn't mean "a public," but "in public."

The Professor went on to explain the advantages of his new boat.

"Id is zo zimple, a leedle child can vork 'im. 'Ere, you zee, is der boat; you vish to shud 'im up? you press der leedle stud, 'ere—zo, und 'e shut up. You vish to open 'im? you pull oud der leedle bolt, und 'e open. Nodings could be zimpler. Den, you vish to pud up der zail? you fix der mast zo-vays, und den you pushes—you pushes——" here von Bigwitz got rather red in the face, as he struggled with a recalcitrant iron ring, which would move neither up nor down the mast—"you pushes," he repeated, pulling and hauling till I thought a fit of apoplexy must be the inevitable consequence. "*Ach!* I 'ave 'im!" he exclaimed in triumph.

The Professor stood towering proudly over the model, and pointing to the umbrella sail now successfully set, he blew into it, and the boat at once sailed over the smooth expanse of water contained in the wooden wash-tub standing on the table.

The experiment, as far as the model was concerned, was an obvious success.

I shook hands with, and congratulated him heartily. I had known him personally for several years, and seen many of his inventions, and naturally rejoiced with the great man at the thought of his prospective triumph. Many of his clever contrivances had succeeded—from every other than the financial point of view—but this boat ought to make ample amends for all his former failures. I told him that I hoped it might.

"You 'ope zo; only 'ope zo?" he said opening widely his blue eyes and looking at me in his stolid, Teutonic manner. "Why, dere iss no doubd aboud id, mein friend. Und dere iss blenty of money in id. Every ships vill garry vun or more of mein leedle boats with 'im, yes, no? *Ach*, dis time, I 'ave vot you zay, 'swallowed some oil,' not was?"

I ventured to suggest that "struck oil" might be better "understanded of the people," but von Bigwitz clearly thought that I was wrong and he was right, so I left it at that. After arranging to be at the lock at Maidenhead—the far-famed Boulter's—at two o'clock on the following afternoon, when the great experiment with the "life-sized" boat was to be made, I bade him farewell and fell down the steep stairs into the street.

Punctual to the moment I arrived at the lock side just as the clock struck two, and waited there until it struck half-past, and then three; then I said things about the Professor which were almost disrespectful, for the wind was biting. Two minutes later the Professor himself hove in sight, heading a small procession of ragamuffins carrying what looked like a dead camel, but which presumably *was* the new boat. The rear was brought up by a dozen or twenty business men and experts who had come to witness the trial, including two compatriots of the Professor. Last, but not least, Miss Frederica Muggeridge and her worthy parent walked together, apart from the rest.

Frederica had always taken a great interest in the Professor's inventions, ever since she had "marked him for her own." And to-day the ingenious German had begged her to grace the actual launch of the new boat by giving it the final shove off into the water. This was Miss Muggeridge's chance.

The boat was dragged to the water's edge, and the Professor divested himself of his great coat, and proceeded to get the little vessel ready for launching.

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With a rather theatrical gesture, the Professor induced the boat to stand on an even keel, and then suddenly shot the bolt. Immediately the dinghy expanded, until, with a snap, the bearings became automatically fixed. The small crowd of onlookers clapped their hands and applauded, whilst the inventor, flushed with conscious pride, drew himself up in a statuesque attitude.

How long he would have remained in this commanding pose is uncertain, but the spell of admiring silence was rudely broken by a very small boy, standing at the edge of the group and obviously in his father's trousers, who suddenly jerked out;

"'Ear, 'ear!"

The Professor withdrew his right hand from his waistcoat and ceased incontinently from posing as Napoleon on the eve of Waterloo.

Then, two of the ragamuffins, at a sign from von Bigwitz, ran the little boat down to the water's edge.

The big German waddled down and proceeded to embark. It was a difficult matter to get all that mass of "too, too solid flesh" into the little dinghy, and I half regretted that I had not brought a shoehorn with me to assist in the process, as the Professor vainly tried to sit down. After a protracted and violent struggle, however, he accomplished his object, wedged himself tightly in and was pushed off from the bank by Frederica, who had, for some few moments, had her fair hands on the side of the boat, apparently attending to some of the mechanism within its canvas folds.

Once floated, the Professor gaily sailed along down the stream, the breeze catching the umbrella attachment, and everything working without a hitch. Then a slight shift in the wind brought him nearer into the bank on which we stood, shivering in the bitter wind. Within speaking distance of us, von Bigwitz showed a strong inclination to "spread himself"—figuratively speaking—had he done so physically, he would have split the boat. In other words, he wished to make us a little speech upon the merits of his invention.

Two minutes later the Professor himself hove in sight, heading a small procession of ragamuffins carrying what looked like a dead camel.

"You zee," he began, "dot in gase of shibwrecks dis boat gan be egspanded in a vew moments. Id is ready for der water in a segond or two. As to shudding 'im up, effery collapsible boat vill shud up vhen you vish it——"

"Und somedimes vhen you dond!" put in an unbelieving compatriot from the bank.

Those words were prophetic. For, as in a flash, the mast came down with a run, the umbrella closed and bonneted the luckless

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The Professor gaily sailed along down the stream.

German, whilst the wretched boat itself shut like a knife, turned over and began to sink.

Appalled at the suddenness of the disaster, most of the spectators stood rooted to the spot. But one amongst us had all her wits about her—it was the financier's daughter, Miss Muggeridge. She fled over to the lock, snatched up a long boat-hook, and returned just as the collapsible and von Bigwitz rose to the surface—separate. The Professor had managed to kick himself clear of the treacherous craft, and, choking and spluttering, made frantic effort to reach the bank.

But, alas! he knew not how to swim, and turning over, exhausted, with his efforts and the effect of the chilly immersion, he was just going down again, when Frederica, assisted by her father's hand, and leaning out as far as she dared, got the "business end" of the boat-hook fast in the waistcoat of the Professor.

Then, hand over fist, she began to tow the luckless inventor to the shore. Another ten seconds, and Professor von Bigwitz stood on the bank, shivering, loaded up with Thames' water and minus his steel rimmed spectacles, but safe.

And when a hasty call was made for a spirit-flask, it was noticed that, of the seventeen visitors to witness the trial, no fewer than fifteen careful souls were found who had provided themselves with "pocket pistols." The Professor drained three of these—to the great annoyance of their respective owners—and then announced that he was none the worse for his mishap. We all cheered—except the three proprietors of the empty flasks—and then declared to the Professor that we were willing to wait and watch him make a second trial before returning to town.

"Now we're 'ere we may as well see the thing tried agen, whatever 'appens," growled one of the spectators from out of the depths of his coat collar.

But even this philosophic view of things did not seem to encourage the burly inventor, as he stood dripping on the bank. His enthusiasm, like his clothes, had been damped. He appeared much more willing to make another speech than to resume operations afloat.

"I tank you, gentlemens, vor your gind addentions, und also vor der egually gind offer to schtop und zee me drowned once more yet again. Bud I vill nod trespasses on your time. Anodder day we resume dis egsiting egsberiment ven I 'ave remedied der

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leedle defect vitch make 'im turn over vhen you dond vant 'im to. Und it vill be better to ged a von size shmaller mans as me. I vos too *grosser*, not was?"

And, greatly dissatisfied, the whole party returned to town.

After the Professor had been to his elevated room, and put on his only other coat and trousers, together with a fresh paper collar, he repaired to the financier's house in Bedford Square to talk over the failure of the afternoon with chastened spirit and humbled mien. Von Bigwitz thought and thought till his head ached, but could not account for the boat collapsing in the extraordinary way it had done. His brawny brain refused to grasp the possibility of such a *contretemps*.

And yet it had happened.

He was terribly depressed; that day he had been both mentally and physically upset.

When Mr. Muggeridge and his daughter reached home, the lady, as she took off her hat, observed.

"I've quite made up my mind, pa. I'm going to marry the Professor."

Mr. Muggeridge sniffed.

"Why? what injury has he ever done you, I should like to know?"

Frederica ignored this coarse observation, and continued:

"He's got no money it's true——"

"Nor ever likely to have any," broke in her papa contemptuously.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the lady, with pursed-up lips.

"What do you mean? This boat is the best idea he's ever struck, and it's a fraud. Unless he can find out what caused the failure, the thing can't be turned to any commercial advantage. I admit the invention's valuable if he *can* discover the defect."

"Leave him to me when he comes here to-night," said Frederica with an air of authority. And papa Muggeridge obeyed. When the Professor was shown into the drawing-room, despondent to the verge of tears, the lady received him alone.

Into what passed between them we will not pry. Such confidences are sacred, and I, the veracious chronicler, would not be the one to tell a word of what they spoke—chiefly because I do not know; but the great fact remained that that day month, Professor von Bigwitz led to the altar the blushing Frederica, and the day after they returned from their honeymoon—"Ten days in Rome for six guineas" (see advertisement)—the big inventor, his face radiant with joy, rushed into the presence of Muggeridge *père*, exclaiming:

"Mein frient, your daughter, mein frau, Frederica, she 'ave found oud dat leedle defect in der boat. Zome shcoundrel vos *pull out der pin* vrom der boat, shoost as vee launched 'im dat day. It vos dat as made 'im gollapse. Now all is vell, und you und me vill make a vortune."

Mrs. von Bigwitz was right, but she omitted to tell her trusting husband that the name of the "shcoundrel" in question was (then) no other than Frederica Muggeridge.

Frederica . . . got the "business end" of the boat-hook fast in the waistcoat of the Professor.

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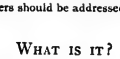
MR. X —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X's" post-bag grows bigger and bigger every month. When the foreign mails come in he is often overwhelmed with letters—and he is always very delighted to receive letters from his foreign friends. For example, he has just received such a nice letter from Sweden: "Please, Mr. X, I am a young Swedish girl. I love reading the ROYAL MAGAZINE; in fact, it is my favourite magazine. I roar when I come to your pages. I catch other people with your catches—lots of people speak or understand English in Sweden and they think them very funny."

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

WHAT IS IT?

When I'm in flames I am alive,
And when I'm not I'm dead;
I eat no meat, nor vegetables,
Yet die if I'm not fed;
I often roar, yet never cry,
Now can you tell me what am I?



NOT WHAT YOU'D EGG-SPECT.

ALGERNON: "Now, take this problem, Augustus. There are twelve eggs in a basin and twelve men in the same room. Each man takes one egg; how many were left in the basin?"

AUGUSTUS (scornfully): "None."

ALGERNON: "Wrong; there was one left."

AUGUSTUS: "One left in the basin! Way, how could there be if each man took one egg?"

ALGERNON: "Easily. The last man took the basin as well."

A PUZZLING TRICK.

Here are nine dots arranged in three rows. It is required to connect them all by four

. . .
. . .
. . .

straight lines drawn without lifting the pencil from the paper, and without going back along any line.

A WISE PLAN.

BOB (to his sister going out of the room): "You'd better keep your eyes open if you are going upstairs."

MAUDE (frightened by his tone): "Oh, why?"

BOB: "To see where you are going to, of course."

MANY IN FEW.

NORAH: "That is a tiny house; who lives there?"

DORA: "In there? Oh, a father and a mother, a son, a daughter, a brother and sister, an uncle, an aunt, and two cousins—that's all, I think."

NORAH: "Good gracious! all in that house. However is it possible?"

DORA: "Why not? There are only four of them altogether."

(This is perfectly correct; but how do you account for it?)

ASTONISHING NEWS.

BLACK: "Hullo! have you heard that the squire's dead?"

WHITE: "Good gracious, no! Is he? When did you hear it?"

BLACK: "I haven't heard it, I just asked you if you had, that's all. Good-morning."

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Joining a New Profession.

Carter: "Think over this carefully, old chap. If a man carrying a dozen lamps suddenly drops one, what profession does he become a member of?"

Trapper: "I don't see that he becomes anything."

Carter: "Why, of course he does. He becomes a lamp-lighter!"

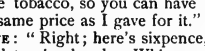
Something Wrong Here.

White: "That's nice tobacco of yours, Brown. How much will you sell me all that's in your pouch for?"

Brown: "Well, I've just bought both the pouch and the tobacco, and I paid one-and-six for the two. I remember thinking as I did so that the pouch cost just a shilling more than the tobacco, so you can have the latter for the same price as I gave for it."

White: "Right; here's sixpence, then."

(But, later in the day, White, on thinking over the matter, found that he had not paid Brown the right value of the tobacco. What ought he to have paid for it?)



A Hard Sum.

Brown: "Are you good at mental arithmetic, Jones?"

Jones: "Pretty fair, I think."

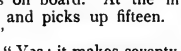
Brown: "Well, listen carefully to this: A train starts on a journey with seventy passengers on board. At the first stop it drops ten and picks up fifteen. Have you got that?"

Jones: "Yes; it makes seventy-five."

Brown (continuing): "At the next stop it drops twenty-five and picks up eleven. Shortly after it stops again and picks up twenty-three passengers and drops nine. Have you got that?"

Jones: "Yes—well?"

Brown (preparing to make a hasty exit): "Well, what was the name of the engine-driver?"



A Pocket Weather-Guide.

Tom (gazing heavenwards): "Looks like rain, Jack?"

Jack: "Do you think so?"

Tom: "Certain," (rattling his cash.) "I can feel the change in my pocket."

The Clever Farmer.

In the centre of this picture stands the landlord's house. Around it are eight pear-trees. Outside these trees stand eight houses let to tenants, and the outermost circle of all is formed by ten apple-trees.

Now, the landlord wished to keep the apple-trees for himself, and to give each tenant a pear-tree. A little thought enabled him to construct a hedge which successfully inclosed his own house and the apple-trees, and separated the other houses so that each had a pear-tree. How did he do it?

So Simple.

Sharpe: "Now, you see that stone, it's not a heavy stone, yet I am positive that you cannot lift it alone now."

Blunte (lifting it easily): "There you are! It's quite light."

Sharpe: "Yes, it may be light, but you haven't lifted it alone for all that."

Blunte: "Why, you saw me lift it alone."

Sharpe: "My dear fellow, how can you lift it alone when I am here all the time? You really must not let yourself be caught so easily."

RESULT OF THE "WORD-BUILDING" COMPETITION.

The "Word-Building" competition announced by "Mr. X" in the January number has proved very popular and has brought in some exceedingly clever answers. Many competitors, however, forget that each word formed had to be "a good dictionary word" and were thus disqualified. The prize of 5s. goes to Mr. E. P. Jones, 4, Oaklands Terrace, Swansea, whilst puzzle-penknives for efforts almost as good are awarded to Mr. W. Crawford, Royal Masonic School, Bushey; Mrs. Collins, Kloughton Garth, Brough, E. Yorks.; Mr. S. Walton, 11, Heath Street, Buxton; and a special one to Master B. R. Newman, Cahill House, Abingdon; because he is only 11½ and his attempt very good indeed.

OTHER RESULTS.

Find the missing letters (page 60). Gander, danger, ranged, garaon.

Dominoes (page 60). The puzzle was to arrange a full set of dominoes from double blank to double six so that each line downwards counts 24, sideways 21.

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	21
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	21
6	5	4	3	2	1	0	21
6	5	4	3	2	1	0	21
1	0	6	5	4	3	2	21
6	5	4	3	2	1	0	21
5	6	0	1	2	3	4	21
1	2	3	4	5	6	0	21
24	24	24	24	24	24	24	

What twenty-one coins of the same size make the sum of £1? (page 60). Twenty sixpences and half-a-sovereign.

A real puzzler (page 60). Wednesday.

What is it? (page 61). A nail in a horse's shoe.

A riddle (page 61). Blackbird, because Blacks a bird.

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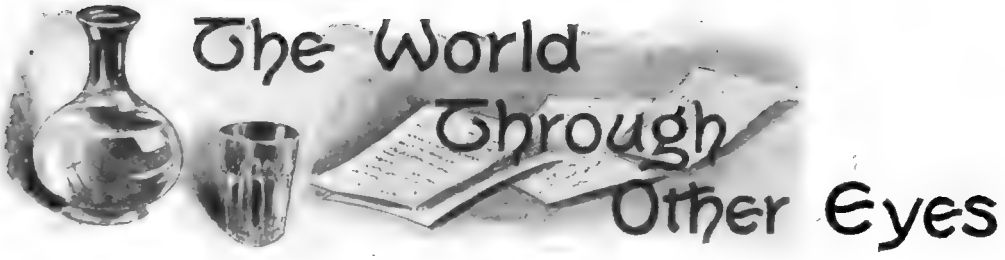

No. IV.—THE PUBLIC SPEAKER.

The Fourth of the Series of Glimpses of Life from Uncommon Aspects Reveals the Thoughts, Mishaps, Interruptions, Anxieties, and Triumphs of the Public Speaker.

By A. E. Johnson.

Here, in the ante-room, as I wait for the hour to strike, the tension on my nerves is somewhat uncomfortable. Although calm and collected, with my wits gathered up for the intellectual strain before me, I cannot help feeling a slight nervousness—an anxiety rather—as to the ordeal before me. My mind keeps running on the opening passage of my speech. I have the exact words by heart, I know, but cannot refrain from repeating them to myself over and over again. Beyond that opening passage I have but a general idea of what I shall say. The ideas, the opinions, which I wish to convey—they are clear and emphatic enough. But of the words in which I shall express them I have at present no notion.

Once safely launched into my address, I have no fear of hesitation. My mind is too full of all that I wish to say for there to be any risk of words failing me. It is only the intense difficulty of favourably introducing my subject to the audience, of holding their attention until I warm to my task, that disturbs me. Hence my abstraction and the disconnected answers which I return to the trivial remarks with which my chairman pleasantly plies me.

As I repeat again my opening words, I could wish that I felt in a more careless mood. That great assembly will need to be entertained. They will never listen to me if I am dull. Friends and officials pass in and out of the room, and every time, as the door swings open, I catch the confused hum and murmur which arises from a large concourse of people. The thought that I have to face and engage that close-packed building is far from encouraging. I feel like a victim waiting behind the doors of an amphitheatre, and listening to the roaring of the lions among whom he will presently be loosed.

At length the slow hands of the clock creep round to the appointed time.

"Are you ready?" asks the Chairman, and as I murmur assent, leads the way on to the platform.

Our appearance is the signal for a general round of applause, which has a steadying effect upon the nerves. At all events, they are polite, these people; their hostility, if hostile they intend to be, is at least dormant for the present.

It is not always so, as I reflect with relief over the present situation. Listening to this polite reception, there jumps to my mind a vivid recollection of my speech at a political meeting in a rough mining constituency. It was my misfortune to be espousing a cause which in that particular district was regarded with active dislike.

As I mounted the waggon which served for the platform there were angry murmurs and cries amongst the big crowd of tough and burly listeners. My audience seemed to assume a threatening attitude; collectively, the whole assembly took on the menacing pose of the angry individual. As I proceeded the murmur swelled into a roar, the roar into a tumult. Then someone upon the outskirts flung a stone. In another instant missiles were raining round the cart, and the dense black mass swayed to and fro in an ugly fashion. A rush seemed imminent, and an ignominious retreat alone saved the situation.

Not dissimilar was an experience in London. The scene, Hyde Park: the occasion, an immense "demonstration." Once more my views happened to be opposed to those of the demonstrators.

In vain my friends urged the temerity of my attempting to speak. They might have saved their breath, for I was not given a chance to utter an audible word.

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As I mounted the rostrum, the mob recognised me. My views were well enough known, and on the instant there arose a deafening yell of opposition and derision that effectually prevented me from being heard. A fearful din! Shouts, cries, hootings, whistles, cat-calls, even police rattles! Useless to seek, with one feeble voice, to stem that overwhelming tumult. I turned to the left, I turned to the right, I raised my hand to command silence. But every movement seemed to add a gust to the tempest of noise. My friends seized me by the coat-tails and pulled me down amidst terrific cheers.

Consequently, I am grateful for my present quiet reception.

While the Chairman is making his introductory speech I let my eye roam over the audience. It is a formidable prospect. The great hall is packed from floor to ceiling. But I do not see the *persons* who occupy the endless tiers of seats; all that I am conscious of is an overwhelming number of heads and faces—rows and rows of them, each and every one looking in my direction.

One knows the discomfort of being stared at, even by a single individual; imagine the demoralising effect when that one pair of eyes is multiplied a thousand-fold.

The actor, they say, half-blinded by the dazzle of the footlights, cannot perceive the faces of the playgoers. Not so the platform speaker. Were I so minded I could count my audience head by head. And in yet another respect the actor has an advantage: he cannot *see*, though doubtless conscious of it, the concentrated gaze of his spectators. I can; and as I stand mutely beside the table under the fire of those myriad eyes, I feel, in a sense, naked and ashamed. I might be a slave in the Babylonian marriage-market.

But these disconcerting reflections are broken short by the

Unlike the actor, who, by reason of the glare of the footlights, can see little of his audience, the speaker can see every face, note every expression, and tell as he proceeds how his words are influencing his listeners.

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To the public speaker, when giving an address from a waggon in a country village, his audience presents a peculiar, squat-like appearance as he looks down at them from his elevated position.

voice of the Chairman pronouncing my name. With a wave of the hand he introduces me, sits down—and leaves me in the lurch. Such, at least, is the idea that seizes me for the moment. A brief round of applause greets the introduction, then silence—an expectant hush that takes me by surprise with its suddenness.

I step to the front of the platform and begin. No need to have fretted over possible forgetfulness of my opening remarks; those words, through constant repetition, are burned into my brain. They come, unbidden almost, readily to my tongue, and, parrot-like, I utter them aloud.

But while this preliminary part of my address is proceeding, my mind, working sub-consciously but actively, is perplexed by some troubling thoughts. The responsibility of my position, my isolation, assail me with distressing vehemence; the silence, the eager eyes all focussed upon me, oppress me heavily. What business have I to take it upon myself to direct these people; who am I that I should set up against their opinion my own poor judgment?

There comes to me, however, a saving thought. These people came here of their own free will. I did not force myself upon them. They asked for my views; they shall have them. They wished to hear me; let them listen. The idea gives me courage; my confidence is reinstated; and as my eye takes in with one comprehensive glance the huge assembly before me, a voice seems to whisper in my ears "Sheep!"

Sheep, indeed, I think to myself they must be, thus to come here in their thousands and be taught by another that which they ought to think out for themselves. The notion tickles me, and I feel inclined to smile; it flatters me and restores my good humour. By the time I arrive at the end of that carefully-prepared introduction my assurance has returned. I feel at ease; confident in myself and my grasp of the subject in hand. I am the master, they are the pupils.

I plunge with zest into the explanatory, the argumentative portion of my speech. Quickly I can tell (how I know not, but presumably by some species of telepathy) that my hearers are following me with attention. Intelligently they grasp each point, and sympathetically they pursue each argument to its logical conclusion. In the general phrase, I am "in touch" with my audience.

It is not always so easy to establish confidential relations with an audience. But the fault is usually with the speaker, who has failed to familiarise himself beforehand with the chief characteristics of his audience, and is thus not able to adapt his remarks to his listeners' peculiar habits of thought.

Woe betide the speaker thus unhappily situated, for he knows only too well that his words are falling on deaf—or what is worse

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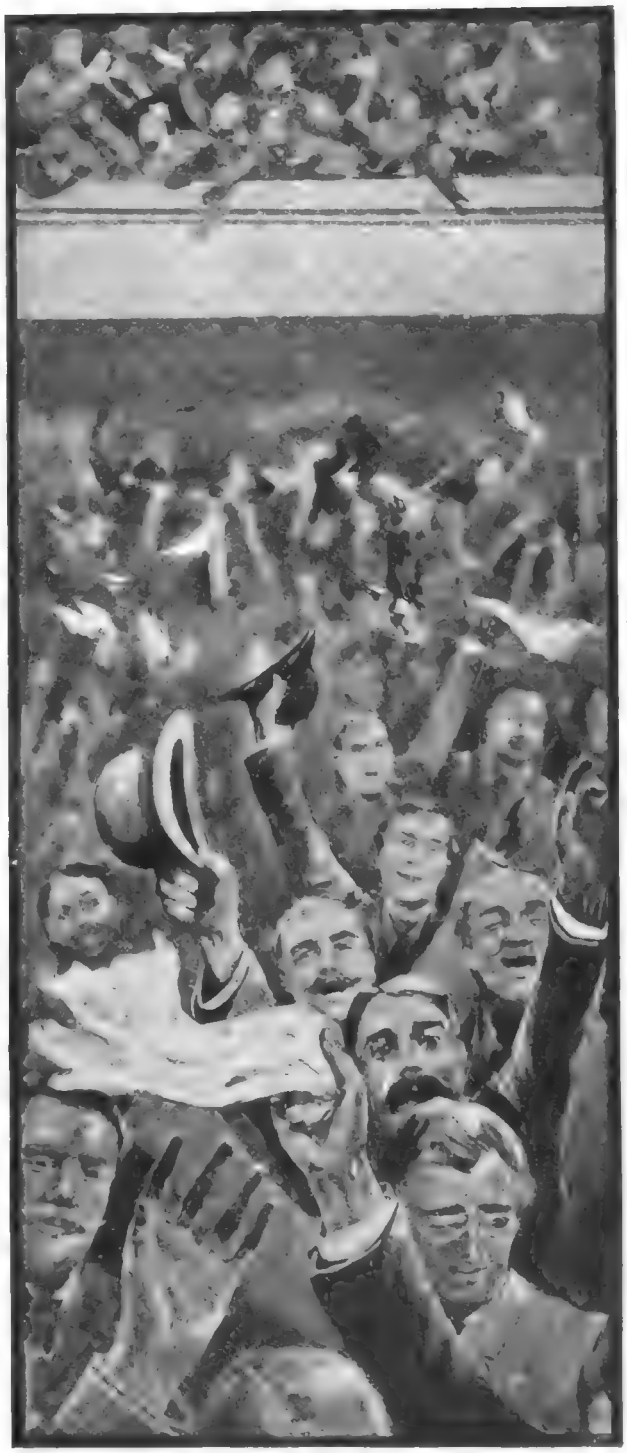
than deaf, heedless—ears. On the faces before him he sees the vacuous look of bofedom. Presently a slight restlessness disturbs the quiet orderliness of the assembly. Persons fidget in their seats; they shift their positions; begin to converse one with another. The movement confuses the speaker's eye, the low hum of the talking confuses his ear.

Suddenly some impatient spirits give vent to an ironical stamping of feet. The speaker is taken by surprise. He pauses, loses the thread of his argument, and hesitates in resuming his speech. The inattention of the audience increases; the ruder of his listeners gibe unmercifully. The luckless speaker loses his head, stammers and stutters, repeats himself, can think of no apt phrases with which to terminate his sentences, and so, sick at heart, derided of his hearers, drags his slow course to a lame and impotent conclusion.

But in the present instance I have the good fortune to be addressing a sympathetic audience. At intervals a short burst of applause tells me my hold on the listeners is maintained. Exclamatory interruptions show me, as it were, which way the wind blows. As each incisive point is made, the spontaneous "Hear, hear!" shows that the shaft has gone home. Silence, when I expect a comment, warns me that a point has been missed, and bids me repeat my last argument with greater clearness, and urge its conclusions with increased vehemence.

Unfavourable comments there are, shouted at me from some parts of the assembly. But these in no wise break the sequence of my thoughts or words. Rather, they whet my appetite for controversy. Each objection as it is raised I answer and demolish. The demonstrated appreciation of the rest of the audience sets a keen edge upon my wits. I drink delight of battle in this wordy warfare.



At the end of his peroration the public speaker sees before him a moving sea of heads, which, with uplifted faces and arms extended, wildly wave hats, handkerchiefs, and walking-sticks in their enthusiasm.

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There are various kinds of interruptions with which the platform speaker has to deal.

A cool head and a ready wit are the best weapons against the heckler's attack. As a rule, happily for the speaker, the interruptions and questions come from self-important persons, whose high opinions of their own intellectual attainments are hardly justified by the facts. Where questions are seriously and respectfully put, polite and carefully worded explanations in response will often gain converts. But for the bumptious and irresponsible interrupter, ridicule is the best treatment. Nothing quells so effectually as a neatly administered snub. In which connection the speaker does well to sharpen his powers of observation.

A fellow-orator, addressing a village meeting in an agricultural constituency, was much troubled by the persistent interruptions of a thick-headed politician at the back of the hall. After submitting to the annoyance for a time, the speaker determined, if possible, to "score off" his oppenent. Noticing the fellow's brawny build and leather apron, at the next interruption he drew his bow at a venture. "You seem to be making a great deal of noise, my friend," he remarked pleasantly. "I should think you must be the village blacksmith?"

Homeric laughter shook the building at this sally, and the blacksmith—for such, in fact, he actually was—sat down to rise from his seat no more that evening.

But interruptions are not always so easily to be disposed of, as presently I have bitter cause to discover. For, as I pause to take a sip of water, there jumps up a sturdy heckler, defiant of attitude, who flings a question at me.

The whole audience hears it. Even were I to attempt such a course, evasion would be impossible. Yet—as I realise with but too speedy a conviction—the question is a "poser." It touches a point which, for all the care with which I studied my subject, has slipped me.

My confidence in my own position is not shaken a whit. But the knowledge that the question is by no means unanswerable increases rather than lessens my confusion. If I were but sure of my ground! But I am treading on thin ice, and I know it. I dare not answer for fear of exposing my ignorance. To consult a friend on the platform would be a damning confession of weakness.

With the tail of my eye I see the Chairman throw an anxious glance in my direction. To gain time I affect not to have grasped the precise terms of the objection. My tormentor repeats his question slowly and deliberately. His words are painfully distinct. I am at a

This is the last view that the speaker gets of his audience, as, buttoning coats and turning up collars, they move slowly out of the building.

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loss what to do. I feel my presence of mind deserting me. In another moment I *must* say something, and I feel a sickening certainty that I shall make a mess of things.

But the plunge has to be made. With a ghastly attempt at good-humoured astonishment over the question, I blunder out some feeble sort of answer. My "supporters" on the platform stir uneasily in their chairs and the uncomfortable silence is broken by laughter and ironical cheers from the hostile faction of which my inquisitor is the spokesman. The rest of the audience maintains a surprised and pitying neutrality.

Hurriedly I resume the broken thread of my discourse and endeavour by assiduous talk to distract attention from the luckless fiasco. But there persistently recurs to my mind a feeling that the miserable affair is not forgotten—that it is, in fact, the only part of my speech which is indelibly impressed upon the audience.

It is not long, however, before I recover myself. And soon, the hecklers having finished with me (and, in some joyous instances, I with them), I come to my peroration—the summing up of the arguments which till now I have been bringing forward. Hitherto I have been as a counsel expounding his client's case; now comes my appeal to the Bench.

The change strikes a personal note. So far I have relied on *evidence* to support my contentions and recommend them to my audience. Now out of my own head I have to guide and control the thoughts of this great multitude. My individuality asserts itself. I am a mere mouthpiece no longer.

In level tones I begin. Something in my manner, in the tones of my voice, acts like a sedative upon my listeners. In a certain degree my earnestness is conveyed to them. A few moments ago they were animated, restless, conversing even. Now they settle back in their seats, silent, motionless. Not that their attention wavers. On the contrary, it is riveted upon me, as I can feel, more closely than ever before.

As I lean forward over the table, subconsciously my imagination pictures a strange geometrical device in which from a central point hundreds upon hundreds of straight lines diverge in all directions. I am that central point, and the straight lines are the unwavering, searching glances converging upon me from every point.

My grip is tight upon the audience now. I know it, and I exult in the knowledge. The voice of the heckler is stilled. They lie, all of them, in the hollow of my hand. The hour is mine, and it is mine to do with them what I list. I smile, and they smile with me. The simplest joke "goes" with a roar of laughter. I frown, and their faces lower. Did I wish it, I could move them to tears. I can sway them to my mood. They are puppets, marionettes, of which my fingers grasp the wires.

'Tis an inspiring thought, and within me I feel a great enthusiasm mounting. Was ever man thus privileged to taste the power of the gods?

My notes—brief jottings made lest memory should prove faulty—lie idle upon the table. Fired as I am, I have no need of them. Words come easily to the man who has something to say, and is determined to say it. And though I give no heed to the framing of my thoughts in language, my tongue fails me not. The flood of my eloquence (for surely that is eloquence which spontaneously expresses what the mind would speak) continues unabated.

Still and silent stretch those rows of motionless heads. They show no sign; only I feel that magnetic, universal gaze still fixed upon me, and know that still I hold my hearers spellbound.

And so to the conclusion. With the climax of my harangue comes the climax also of my enthusiasm. He is a dolt, a clod, whom I cannot carry with me now! As I near the end, I am conscious of a faint disturbance ruffling the sea of upturned faces before me. It is the warning ripple, as it were, of the tempestuous roar which, like a monstrous tidal wave, at my last word bursts forth, overwhelming, tremendous, drowning all else in its thunderous tumult.

The Chairman rises as I sink back, exhausted, into a seat. What he says I know not, nor care. There is but one word that will describe the wild emotion that fills my being—TRIUMPH!

Next month you must be . . . . .

sure to read the fifth of this series— . . . .

The Point of View from a Torpedo-Destroyer. . . .

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° NIGHTMARE AND ITS SEQUEL ° °

All night I chase the Stumblejack
O'er shadow-hills and valleys grey,
Until at last I lose my way.
And when I seek the homeward track,
Strange creatures grinning at me stand
(It's like their cheek!) in Nightmareland.

All night I chase the Stumblejack
Or fight with Flippitts on the tiles,
And in the morning Mother smiles
And says "It's just a mild attack
Of Indigestion. Yes! I see!"
Then brings a horrid dose for me.

Ye Flippitt.

MAURICE CLIFFORD.

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JACKSON'S EXTRA

The Story of how Wrykyn Beat Ripton at Cricket.

By

P. G. Wodehouse.

The Ripton match was fixed for July the second, on the Ripton ground.

Wrykyn was more anxious than usual to beat Ripton this year. Wrykyn played five schools at football, and four at cricket, and at both games a victory over Ripton would have made up for two defeats in other games.

Every public school which keeps the same fixtures on its card year after year sooner or later comes to regard a particular match as *the* match to be won. Sometimes this is because the other school has gained a long run of victories, or it may be because neither can get far ahead in its score of wins, but wins and loses every other year.

This was the case with Wrykyn and Ripton.

Last year Ripton had won by eleven runs. In the year before that Wrykyn had pulled it off by two wickets. Three years back the match had ended in a draw. And so on, back to the Flood.

Wrykyn had another reason for wanting to win this year. A victory over Ripton would make the season a record one, for each of the other three schools had been defeated, and also the M.C.C. and old Wrykynians. Wrykyn had never won both these games and all its school-matches too. Twice it had beaten the schools and the old boys, only to fall before what was very nearly a county team sent down by the M.C.C. That is the drawback to a successful season. The more matches a school wins the stronger is the team sent against it from Lord's.

This year, however, the match had come on early, before the strength of the school team had got abroad, and Wrykyn, having dismissed the visitors before lunch for ninety-seven, had spent a very pleasant afternoon running up three hundred for six wickets.

It was in this match that Jackson, of Spence's, had shown the first sign of what he was going to do during the season. He made a hundred and eighteen without giving a chance. A week later he scored fifty-four against the Emeriti; and after that his career, with the exception of two innings of three and nought respectively, had been a series of triumphs. Wrykyn rubbed its hands, and wondered what would happen at Ripton. Now Jackson, apart from his cricket, did not shine in school. He was one of those cheerful idiots without one atom of prudence in his whole composition.

If he were bored by anything he could not resist from showing the fact. He would instantly proceed to amuse himself in some other way. Form-work always bored him, and he was, as a result, the originator of a number of ingenious methods of passing the time.

Fortunately for him, Mr. Spence—who was the master of his form as well as of his house—was the master who looked after the school cricket. So, where other masters would have set him extra lessons on half-holidays, Mr. Spence, not wishing to deprive the team of its best man, used to give him lines to write. Jackson would write them in preparation the

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same evening, and all would be joy and peace.

But, unhappily, the staff was not entirely composed of masters like Mr. Spence.

There were others.

And by far the worst of these others was Mr. Dexter.

It was not often that Jackson saw Mr. Dexter, being neither in his house nor his form. But he did so once. And this is what happened:

The Ripton match was fixed, as I have stated, for July 2nd. On the afternoon of June 30th, Henfrey, of Day's, who was captain of cricket, met Jackson on his way to the nets.

"Oh, I say, Henfrey," remarked Jackson, as if he were saying nothing out of the common, "I shan't be able to play on Saturday."

"Don't be more of an ass than you can help," pleaded Henfrey. "Go and get your pads on."

"I'm not rotting. I'm in 'extra.'"

If you had told Henfrey that the Bank of England had smashed he would have said: "Oh!"

If you had told him that the country was on the brink of war he would have replied: "Really! After you with the paper." But tell him on the eve of the Ripton match that his best batsman was in extra lesson, and you really did interest him.

"What!" he shouted.

"Sorry," said Jackson.

"Who's put you in?"

"Dexter."

"What for?"

"Ragging in French."

"Idiot you are to go and rag!"

"What else *can* you do in French?" asked Jackson.

"Go on," said Henfrey, with forced calm; "you may as well tell me all about it."

And Jackson did.

"For some reason or other," he began, "old Gaudinois couldn't turn up to-day—got brain fag or something."

M. Gaudinois was the master to whom the Upper Fifth, Jackson's form, was accustomed to go for their bi-weekly French lesson.

"Well?" said Henfrey.

"So I'm hanged if the Old Man didn't go and send Dexter to take the Upper Fifth French. Bit low, don't you know, sending a man like that. You know what Dexter is. He's down on you for every single thing you do. It's like eight hours at the seaside to him if he catches you at anything. I do bar a man like that. I don't mind a man being strict; but Dexter doesn't play the game."

"Well, buck up!" said Henfrey impatiently; "don't be all night. I know all about Dexter. What happened?"

The injured youth resumed, in the injured tone of one who feels that he has been shamefully used.

This was the burden of his story:

From his earliest years he had been in the habit of regarding French lessons as two hours specially set apart in each week for pure amusement. His conduct in the form-room was perfect compared with what he did in French.

"And it didn't occur to me, somehow," said he, "that one couldn't rag with Dexter as one can with Gaudinois. I always thought it my right, so to speak, to rag. But the other chaps in the form lay low when they saw Dexter, and chucked rotting for the afternoon. That's why he spotted me, I suppose."

This was indeed the case. Their exemplary behaviour had formed a background for Jackson. His conduct, which in a disorderly room might have passed without notice, became now so apparent that, exactly a quarter of an hour after his entrance, he was sent out of the room, and spent the rest of afternoon school in the passage.

So far all was well. It was no novelty for him to be sent out of that room. Indeed, he had come to look upon being sent out as the legitimate end to his afternoon's amusement, and, as a rule, he kept a book in his pocket to read in the passage. A humble apology to M. Gaudinois at four o'clock always set him free.

But with Mr. Dexter it was different. Apologies were useless. He attempted one, but got by it nothing but a severe snub. It now became clear that the matter was serious.

One of Mr. Dexter's peculiarities was that, while he nearly always sent a boy whom he had fallen foul of into extra lesson—which meant spending from two to four o'clock on the next half-holiday doing punishment work in a form-room—he never told him of his fate. With a refinement of cruelty, he liked to let him linger on in the hope that his sins had been forgotten until, on the afternoon before the fatal half-holiday, the porter copied the names of the victims out of the extra-lesson book and posted them up outside the school shop.

Jackson, therefore, though Mr. Dexter had not said a word to him about it, was pretty sure that he was a certainty for the "black

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list" on the following Saturday, and would thus be unable to go with the team to Ripton.

Henfrey, having heard the story, waxed bitter and personal on the subject of lunatics who made idiots of themselves in school and lost Ripton matches by being in extra on the day on which they were played.

He was concluding his bright and instructive remarks on Jackson's character when O'Hara, of Dexter's, another member of the eleven, came up.

"Hwhat's the matter?" inquired he.

O'Hara, as his name may suggest, was an Irish boy. In the matter of wildness he resembled Jackson, but with this difference that, while the latter sometimes got into trouble, he never did. He had a marvellous way of getting out of scrapes and quite a reputation for helping other people out of them.

Five years' constant guerilla warfare with Dexter, who regarded his house as a warder might a gang of convicts, and treated them accordingly, had rendered him a youth of infinite resource. Henfrey went away to bat at the nets, leaving Jackson to tell his tale over again to O'Hara. "So you see how it is," he concluded: "he's said nothing about it yet, but I know he means to stick me down for 'extra.'"

"I'm not rotting. I'm in 'extra.'"

"Dexter always does," said O'Hara. "I know the man. There's no getting away from him if you give him an opening. I suppose you tried apologising?"

"Yes. No good—rot, I call it. Gaudinois always takes an apology."

"Well, I'll try and think of something. There's bound to be some way out of it. I've got out of much tighter places."

Jackson departed with an easier mind. He felt that his affairs were in the hands of an expert.

After he had had his innings at the nets O'Hara strolled off to the porter's lodge. He wished to see whether Jackson's fears had been realised. The porter offered no objection to his inspecting the extra-lesson book. Old Bates was always ready to oblige the genial O'Hara.

O'Hara turned the pages till he came to the heading "Saturday, July 2nd." One of the first items was "Jackson: gross misbehaviour. R. Dexter." He thanked Bates, closed the book, then walked thoughtfully back to his house.

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"Well?" asked Jackson when they met next morning.

"Has Dexter said anything about it yet?" said O'Hara.

"Not a word. But that doesn't mean anything."

"It means a lot. I think I've got it now."

"Good man! What is it?"

"I can't tell you. I wish I could. Ye'd be amused. But the whole point of it is that ye can say, if they ask afterwards, that ye knew nothing about it at all. But, anyhow, go with the team to-morrow."

"But, if my name's up for extra?"

"That's all right. Never mind that."

"But, I say, you know" (simply to cut extra lesson was a feat more daring than even he had ever dreamed of), "there'll be a ghastly row."

"I've allowed for that. What you've got to do is to keep clear of Dexter to-day and go to Ripton to-morrow. I give ye me word 'twill be all right."

Jackson breathed heavily, struggled with his timidity, and gave his decision.

"Right!" he said. "I'll go."

"Good!" said O'Hara. "Now, there's one other thing. How much will ye give not to be in extra to-morrow? Oh, it's not for me, ye know, it's necessary expenses. Will ye give half-a-crown?"

"Half-a-crown! Rather! Like a bird!"

"Hand it over, then."

"You might tell me what it's all about," complained Jackson as he produced the coin. "I bar mysteries."

But O'Hara would not say a word. Tombs were talkative compared with him.

That afternoon the extra-lesson list went up, with Jackson's name on it; and at 8.30 the following morning the Wrykyn team, Jackson amongst them, started for Ripton.

When Wrykyn played away from home two telegrams were always sent to the school, one at the luncheon interval, the other when the match was over. The first of these telegrams read as follows:

"Ripton, one-six-eight for five. Lunch."

A hundred and sixty-eight for five wickets! It was a good start. The Wrykyn team would have to do all they knew, the school felt, when their turn came to bat.

At seven o'clock Mr. Dexter, returning to his house for dinner, looked in at the school shop to buy some fives-balls. Fives was his one relaxation.

As he waited to be served his eyes were attracted by two telegrams fixed to the woodwork over the counter. The first was the one that had been sent at the luncheon interval.

The other the one that had caused such a sensation in Wrykyn. And it created a considerable sensation in the mind of Mr. Dexter. The sensation was a blend of anger, surprise, and incredulity.

This was the telegram:

"Ripton 219. Wrykyn 221 for 2. Trevor 52; Henfrey 20; Jackson 103 not; O'Hara 41 not."

Only that, and nothing more!

Mr. Dexter, having made sure, by a second perusal, that he was not mistaken, went straight off to the headmaster.

"I sent Jackson into extra lesson this afternoon, and he did not go." That was the gist of a rather lengthy speech.

"But, Mr. Dexter," said the Head, "surely you are mistaken. Jackson was in the extra lesson to-day—I saw him."

"Jackson in the cricket team?"

"I was referring to a younger boy, W. P. Jackson, who is in your house. Was he not the boy you sent into the extra lesson?"

Mr. Dexter's face darkened. Like the celebrated M.P., "he smelt a rat; he saw it floating in the air."

"This is a trick," he said. "I will see Jackson."

He saw Jackson—W. P. Jackson, that is to say; aged fourteen; ordinary fag; no special characteristics.

"What is this I hear, Jackson?" he said.

Jackson gaped.

"You were in extra lesson this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who told you to go?"

"Please, sir, I saw my name on the list."

"But you knew you had done nothing to deserve this."

"Please, sir, I thought I might have done."

This was so true—the average fag at Wrykyn did do a good many things for which he might well have received extra lesson—that Mr. Dexter was baffled for the moment. But he suspected there was more in this than met the eye, and he was resolved to find out who was the power behind Jackson.

"Did anybody tell you that you were in 'extra'?" he asked.

"Please, sir, O'Hara."

A gleam of triumph appeared in the master's eye. The aroma of the rat increased. O'Hara and he were ancient enemies.

"Tell O'Hara I wish to see him."

"Yes, sir."

Exit W. P. Jackson, and, later, enter O'Hara.

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"O'Hara, why did you tell Jackson that he was in the 'extra' lesson this afternoon?"

"I saw his name on the list, sir."

"And, may I ask, O'Hara, if it is your custom to inform every boy on these occasions?"

"No, sir," said O'Hara stolidly.

"Then why did you tell Jackson?"

"I happened to meet him in the house, and mentioned it casually—in a joking way," added O'Hara.

"Oh, in a joking way?"

Silence for two minutes.

"You may go, O'Hara," said Dexter finally. "You will hear more of this."

O'Hara made no comment; but Mr. Dexter was wrong—he heard no more of the matter. It dawned on the housemaster by degrees that he had no case. A second conversation with the Head strengthened this view.

"I have been speaking to Jackson," said the Head, "and he says that you did not tell him to go into detention."

"But," added Mr. Dexter, "his name was on the list for extra lesson."

"I have examined the list, and I find that you omitted to insert any initials before Jackson's name. You wrote 'Jackson,' and nothing more. That explains this somewhat ludicrous situation, I think," said the Head. "If no particular Jackson is specified it is naturally the Jackson with the guiltier conscience who accepts the punishment. It is a curious miscarriage of justice; but I do not see that there is anything to be done."

And that was the end of the affair.

It was an accident, of course—a very curious—and lucky—accident.

And, of course, it was simply a guilty conscience that induced the younger Jackson to go into extra lesson that Saturday. However, it would be interesting to know how it came about that that worthy, who was notoriously penniless on the Thursday, was able to spend exactly half-a crown at the school shop on the Friday.

"Please, sir, I thought I might have done."

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Photo by *Russel.*

If there is any kind of an automobile show at the Crystal Palace, Mayfair is certain to be there in force. The above photograph shows a number of competitors for the brake trials.

An Interesting Article on the Many and Various Amusements by which London's Upper and Moneyed Class Spend their Saturday Afternoons.

By Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis.

If a foreigner or a country cousin were to ask where the rich people of London are to be found enjoying themselves on a sunny Saturday summer's afternoon the answer to the question would be, I think, dependent entirely upon the month and the date.

If there was racing at Sandown all smart London would be on the Esher slopes. The ladies will be in their most beautiful toilettes in the Members' Enclosure, which always on race days looks like a great flower bed, dividing their time between tea-drinking, watching the races, and perhaps entering bets in those tiny gold-cornered books which are more dangerous than all the literature the anarchists have ever published. The men take a very practical interest in the horses in the paddock, look at them critically, and then walk over to where some very quiet gentleman stands, who is their "commissioner," and who will presently make their bets for them in the roaring ring.

Hurst Park and Kempton and Lingfield, all race courses where the members' lawns are very large and are as beautifully kept as though they were part of some nobleman's gardens, draw all the fashionable side of London society to them on their race days, which are so arranged that one racing club fixture never interferes with that of its neighbour.

Should the foreigner who is asking all these questions have happened upon a horse-show day at Richmond, I should send him down to the deer park, where he would find royalty in the long, crimson pavilion, and a gathering of coaches drawn up on the verge of the great, clear space of turf. There the finest horses in England are being driven singly, or in pairs, or in fours, or being ridden over the jumps, while a band makes music.

Should our foreigner have chosen a day when a croquet tournament was being played at Wimbledon, I could assure him that he would find many of the smartest people round the trim lawns there. Or it might be that I should send him to the Queen's Club to see some particularly exciting game of tennis, or lawn-tennis, where he would find most of the celebrities in those games assembled. Or it might be, if the Guards were holding their regatta at Maidenhead, that I should invite him to the banks of the Thames.

An automobile exhibition at the Crystal Palace will draw all Belgravia down to the splendid, but inaccessible, grounds at Sydenham. A flower show at Kew may make the gardens a fashionable resort for a day, and an afternoon at the Gun Club on a big day would put our foreigner amongst the aristocracy of pigeon shooters.

All the above fêtes, functions, and festivities are fixed for particular dates. Sandown is a place of charming seclusion where a poet

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Saturday afternoon at Sandown. "Oriole" and the famous "Sceptre" cantering down to the start for the Eclipse Stakes.

Photos by *Rush.*

Steeplechasing at Sandown. "Ambush II." and "Marpessa" taking a hedge in fine style.

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might compose pastoral odes, except on race days. Richmond show ground is generally a meadow where cows graze, and the Crystal Palace grounds when a police *fête* is forward is not a haunt of the aristocracy.

There are two suburban clubs, however, which I should advise any stranger to London wishing to see the rich enjoying themselves to visit on any summer Saturday afternoon, and if you like we will for once dispense with all such formalities as "vouchers," and I will take you on a sunshiny day to both of these charming resorts.

Photo by Bowden Bros

Sandown Park on a Saturday afternoon. A view of the Paddock between the races.

"Hey Presto!" and we are at Hurlingham.

"Plap-plap-plap-plap" go the ponies' hoofs galloping on grass. There is a click as stick strikes stick; then a crack as a ball is driven hard; a shout; and once again the swift hoofs go "plap-plap-plap-plap" as they race over the grass.

Along one side of the cleared space of level turf are a line of gigantic pink and white umbrellas and a little shelter, the standard above which shows that it houses Royalty, marks the middle of the line.

On the opposite side is a long pavilion gay with flags and awnings, and beside it a score or two of ponies stamp as the grooms are busy about them. Under the shade of a big tree a military band makes music, and looking on at the game and strolling over the grass behind the Royal pavilion is all fashionable London, the ladies in their smartest dresses, the men in frock coats and tall hats.

It is the day of the final match of the inter-regimental polo tournament, and two of the crack cavalry regiments have their teams in the field playing for the championship. On the great parallelogram of perfect turf are the eight men, in shirts of their regimental colours, mounted on little ponies, each of which has cost three figures. The men in ordinary riding costume are the umpires. Each man in the teams is a crack player, and each man has his special work in the combination of play which makes a perfect team.

Let us watch the game for a moment or two. Each player of the purple and red is watched by a corresponding player in the blue and white. There, nearest the purple and red goal, is the "back" of that side, a man of decision and steadiness, whose eye must be true and his stroke sure, and by him

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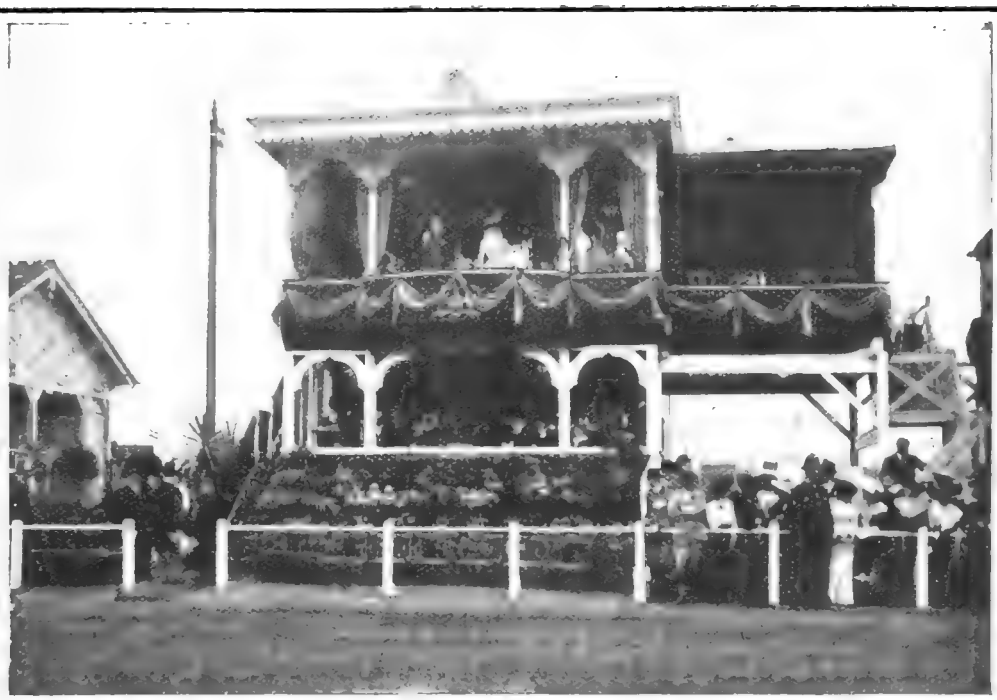

The Royalty Box at Richmond Horse Show—another favourite Saturday afternoon resort of the rich man. In the middle of the box is the Princess of Wales.

Photos by *Rowsell.*

One of the great events at Richmond Horse Show—Jumping the Brick Wall.

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rides the "No 1" of the other side, whose business it is to fluster the opposition "back," to keep him from saving goals, to "ride him off" and send the ball spinning between the posts.

In the centre of the ground gallop the two "No. 3's," each ready to help the back or support the forwards of his side, and the two "No. 2's," who are the life and soul of the attack.

Away there towards the other end is the purple and red "No. 1" hanging to the steady blue and white "back" like a persistent mosquito. "Crack" goes the wood aside, his mallet swings true as the ball comes hopping along, and the ponies of the charging players turn like ballet dancers as the ball goes bounding back towards the blue and white posts.

A shout comes from the purple and red "No. 2" as his pony spurts at racing pace to carry the ball on, and a clatter of gloved hands and the deep "Bravo!" of the men watching the game applaud a goal finely saved.

The ball goes out of play, a bell rings, one of the ten minutes of play is over, and the eight men canter over to the pavilion to

Photo by ROWLA.

Polo at Hurlingham—the most select and fashionable of all Saturday afternoon resorts. In the photograph the two players are racing for the ball.

of the stick head against the ball of willow root; the blue and white "No. 3" has sent it spinning forward, and every pony on the ground is set in motion galloping to anticipate what is coming. The blue and white "No. 2" outpaces the opposing "No. 3," who vainly tries to hook his stick.

"Crack!" and the ball goes dancing along towards the purple and red goal, with a miniature charge of cavalry thundering after it. The blue and white "No. 1" is hard at the purple and red "back," thrusting himself and his pony against him as if he were charging at football; but the steady man on the steady mount is not to be flustered or thrust

mount fresh ponies, and as there are many other amusements to be watched on a fine Saturday at Hurlingham we will leave the polo ground and stroll towards the Thames and the club house.

This great half circle of wooden hoarding with a little house as the star in the crescent is the pigeon shooting enclosure. The guns are not barking to-day, and the stretch of turf has no traps on it, but on some afternoons the shooters step up to the mark one after another in quick succession, and their friends give and take odds on or against the man and the bird.

The tournaments of doves are the least

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Richmond Horse Show. Coaches driving past the Grand Stand.

Photos by *Benson Bros.*

A general view of Richmond Horse Show.

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pretty part of Hurlingham sport, so we will only glance at the amphitheatre and pass on over garden paths by a stretch of ornamental water, flower beds, and neatly clipped hedges to the club house.

The spacious building shows to the river side a pillared, classic front, and by its side is a long extension of light buildings which look like palm houses, but are really dining-rooms.

Hurlingham prides itself on its dinners, but it is as well to ask your host when accepting an invitation in which room he is giving his feast, otherwise you may roam through the big trees there are more lawns and more earnest players.

We have glanced for a half-hour at Hurlingham on one of its show days. Now let us imitate the fashionable ladies who constantly "look in" at both Hurlingham and Ranelagh on the same afternoon, and flit from Putney to Barnes Elms.

We are now before the stately old mansion of brick and stone which serves as the Ranelagh Club House.

Away there to the north, behind the great trees, runs the Thames, and between us and it is one of the polo grounds, on which the

Photo by *Rouch*

Changing ponies during Polo at Roehampton—another delightful pleasure resort of the rich.

many chambers while the soup is getting cold and the other guests' tempers are being spoiled by waiting.

On the terrace before the club-house are little tea-tables innumerable, and here the tea-spoons clink and the tongues of the ladies are loosened and dresses are criticised and the very latest "ducks of things" in hats are discussed. On the great lawns between the buildings and the Thames, which here at Putney is not very dirty and not very majestic, the croquet players use their mallets with that intense earnestness which is a feature of the game. And away there to the right by players are scampering up and down; the other, and the golf links, we passed on our right as we came down the long drive.

We pass the gardens, beautifully kept, and a vast lawn covered by tea-tables; we pass the pool of ornamental water, into which the polo ponies plunge in some of the races, and here we are at the gymkhana course, where a ladies' riding and driving competition is being held.

Both Ranelagh and Hurlingham vary the attractions they offer to their members as much as possible. If the coaches of the Four-in-Hand or the Coaching Club are

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Photo by *Bowden Bros.*

A polo contest between the and Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards at Ranelagh—the great rival pleasure ground of Hurlingham. The Royal Horse Guards are just winning a goal.

gathered at Hurlingham, the Aero Club is very likely holding one of its meets at Ranelagh, and the balloons sway and swell as they fill over there on the second polo ground; or there may be an automobile gymkhana. If there are races for polo ponies at one club, there will be a dog show at the other. If the drivers of the stage coaches are showing off their teams at Ranelagh, and the Guards are cracking their cheeks in a competition as to who can play "Who'll Buy a Broom" best, the judges will be puzzled at Hurlingham to decide which of many champion ponies has the greatest number of splendid points. At both clubs there is always music galore, and a great gathering of pretty ladies.

Photo by *Rouch.*

A remarkable photo of Mr. C. D. Miller, the crack polo player, saving a goal at Ranelagh.

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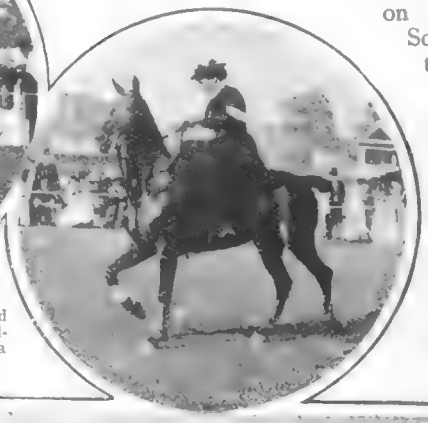

Ladies' sports at Ranelagh. The left hand photograph shows a lady competing in a bending race, the right hand photograph in a stick and ball race.

"Tilting at the ring" is the sport now in progress, and mounted on the handiest of hacks a lady in riding habit and straw hat, a light wand held well forward in her right hand, gallops down the line where the rings are hung on miniature gibbets. So quick does she go that, until she holds up the spear as she pulls up, it is impossible to tell how many rings she has taken or missed. One after another the ladies gallop or canter down the course, and then poles are fixed in the turf, and the fair competitors take their ponies in and out and round these staves in a "bending competition."

There are a score of other races and trials of skill, which form part of these gymkhanas for the most impor-

Driving through the wheels at Ranelagh. The axles of your wheels must not touch those affixed to the poles.

A lady gymkhana day at Ranelagh perhaps shows the place at its best. On either side of the broad course of turf the chairs are set two and three deep, and the smartest ladies in London in their smartest gowns occupy them. The sunshades are guarding precious complexions, and the two lines at a distance look like strips of vivid-coloured mushrooms above beds of multi-coloured flowers.

A little pavilion and a band-stand, in which a cavalry band plays, are between the course and the polo field, and almost opposite to the pavilion is a long, low bungalow, in the varandah of which the prize cups glitter on a table The curtain of great trees forms on all sides a dark, restful background.

Photos by Rouch.

The Ladies' Driving Competition and the—

—Four-in-Hand Driving Competition at Ranelagh.

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Ranelagh is famous for its Aero Club, from which many sensational ascents have been made.

tant sex, but, as the afternoon wears on, the riding ladies will have had their fair share of the fun and the driving ladies will claim attention.

There are few prettier sights than to see, as you sometimes may at Ranelagh, a little girl with a mane of golden hair driving a team of great coach horses with the ease of an old whip.

She has "hands," that precious quality which in dealings with animals represents what "tact" is towards mankind, and the wheelers, who would possibly pull against a man till his wrists and arms ached, do not tire her dainty little hands in the least.

The four-in-hand driving, however, is the tit-bit reserved for the end of the day, and

Photos by *Lunch.*

Tilting at the ring at the Ladies' sports at Ranelagh.

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Photo by *Bowden Bros.*

Croquet is one of the chief attractions at Hurlingham.

just at present the ladies are driving cobs and ponies in single harness. One by one the well-turned-out traps and "cocky" little animals come up one side of the course and go down the other, the ponies trotting with their best action, each being as much aware as its owner that it is competing for a prize.

In the centre stand the judges, mere male men, taking note of each animal's paces. Now when each lady has had every opportunity of showing the action and the pace of her pet, the equipages are drawn up in line and the judges scrutinise carts and ponies at close quarters. Then once again the ladies touch their ponies with the whip and drive up and down for the last time, and at the ears of the three leading ponies are great rosettes of blue, or crimson, or yellow, showing that they have won the first, second, and third prizes.

By now the mail phætons, with their pairs, are ready to come on to the course, but I think that we have seen enough driving for one afternoon, and we will move over to the tea lawns, where a Hungarian band is making music. The band is mightily gorgeous in gold and red and white, and the waiters wear linen jackets of pink and white; indeed the two colours of the roses are repeated wherever it is possible at Ranelagh.

We take tickets for our tea and strawberries and cream at the entrance to the lawns, and survey the acres of frocks and sunshades, to try and discover in their midst an unoccupied table. If there is no vacant one, great generalship has to be shown in finding one where the tea drinkers have nearly finished their feast, and in taking up a strategical position ready to pounce upon it.

Our tea and strawberries consumed, let us give place to the hungry little party which has eyed us for a couple of minutes, and, walking past the old portion of the house, look in at the great dining-room, where tables have to be booked at least a week in advance by the hosts who wish to entertain on a Wednesday or Saturday, the two fashionable days at Ranelagh. The great brick banqueting room does not, however, exhaust all the possibilities of dining at the club, for those who like simpler fare than a feast of ten courses can dine under a delightful canopy stretched between stately columns topped with busts of the Roman Emperors.

Hurlingham and Ranelagh by no means exhaust the list of the great polo club grounds near London, for were it possible to go to three clubs in one afternoon I would have taken you as well to Roehampton, pre-eminently a club for polo, where, with the great brothers Miller taking an interest in all arrangements, there are always a couple of fine games to be watched on match days.

Roehampton is a very sturdy rival of the two old-established clubs, and with its three splendid polo grounds, its many croquet lawns, it offers to its numerous guests all the attractions which a man or woman of leisure could desire.

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Photo by *Rouch.*

Polo Pony Racing, Ranelagh.

Photo by *Bowden Bros.*

Tea on the Lawn, Ranelagh.

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. . Real Life Romances. . .

The Editor Pays Liberally for All True Stories Accepted for These Pages.

A Pattern Mother.

SHE was the most superior female I have ever seen—the remarkable hen of farmyard history. There are women who resemble inferior hens, and hens who resemble superior women. Our hen belonged to the latter class. But it was only after several families had been hatched beside her own particular brood of fluff, that the superlative qualities of this remarkable hen really asserted themselves.

The whole farmyard had apparently resolved itself into a regular turmoil of down and squeaks, and I had some difficulty in avoiding treading on some more than awkward infant chickens, until the remarkable hen, like a superior general, marshalled the entire yellow army herself, and hurried them here and chased them there, collecting and dispersing with indomitable energy.

So great became her popularity as "baby-farmer," that when bed-time came, and the mother-general solemnly retired to her comfortable coop, no less than forty-three yellow balls tumbled in after her, and, scurrying and squeaking over one another, hastily sought the warm shelter of her downy breast.

A mother's life is necessarily and inevitably one of constant sacrifice. A foster mother's must be even more so. It was clear she could not possibly cover forty-three chickens, therefore all night long there must have been a continuous restless shuffling of chickens as the cold ones pushed their way under and the warm ones were hustled out. But the remarkable hen bore her maternal burdens with exemplary patience, and when morning came, she rose, and stepped, so to speak, out of camp again, was ready and willing to re-organise once more her growing army corps.

But alas! one morning disaster came upon us, and dark tragedy stalked into the farmyard world in the slinking shape of a stinking ferret.

My friend had bought him to kill rats—the rats whom he feared might injure the chickens. Not having a box ready, he had put him for the night into an old disused and rusty meat safe.

How the "evil-eyed" managed to escape, can only be guessed. It was, however, a fact that he was missing, as the distant yard was in an uproar. Out we rushed, and there was the ferret, playing a game with his tail and evidently in the best of humours with himself and the world.

We breathed more freely, and making a dash, my friend secured him by the scruff of the neck, and ran to put him away in safety while I strolled on to inspect the hens. At the coop which contained the superior female, I stopped in sudden consternation. The remarkable hen, lay stiff and dead, a little ugly wound in the side of her neck, bearing sad witness of ferret teeth. She had made the sacrifice supreme. Not a single chick had been hurt or scratched while she had never left the coop. Somehow she had managed to save her chickens lives but beyond the little ugly wound that gaped so wide and spoke so eloquently, there was nothing to show her mode of sacrifice.

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Adrift in the Channel.

WITH his gun by his side, a young fellow set sail from Worthing in a small boat with the intention of spending the day shooting off the coast.

Having reached Shoreham, he turned the boat round with the idea of skirting the shore on his homeward passage.

Suddenly a peculiar and penetrating pain gripped his heart. Then his head swam, and loosening his hold upon the tiller he rolled senseless to the bottom of the boat.

Freed from all control the little craft for a time remained stationary. But the fast ebbing tide slowly turned her bows, until, the wind filling her sail, she scudded quickly out to sea.

Higher and higher rose the waves; their salt spray dashed overboard, drenching the helpless figure to the skin. Every moment it seemed that the boat must be capsized. Still it sailed on, bearing its motionless burden far out to sea.

* * *

Meanwhile on shore an anxious wife awaited the return of that little boat. Evening was falling and still no sign of it. Filled with a dread presentiment that some accident had befallen her husband she hastened to the shore and enquired eagerly of the fishermen if they had seen the boat come in?

But they could only shake their heads.

Bad news flies on swallow's wings. Soon an excited crowd gazed silently over the waters hoping to catch a glimpse of the missing boat.

Night drove the watchers in, and the sorrowing wife returned to her home.

The next day the boat was picked up—empty.

A feeling almost of despair came over her. Still she would not cast aside all hope.

Another day passed, and then another, bringing no tidings of the missing man.

At last there came a telegram.

Was it a message from *him*? With trembling hands she rent open the yellow wrapper. Tears of joy coursed down her cheeks.

He was saved!

The telegram was from her brother-in-law and explained briefly that her husband was alive, but lying ill at Gravesend.

We will pass over the impatient railway journey and the happy meeting of husband and wife.

As she sat by his bedside he told her of his wonderful escape.

It was night when he returned to consciousness. Away in the distance he could see the lights of Worthing. Towards them he tried to steer the boat. To his dismay he found that with both wind and tide bearing against him, it was impossible to reach the shore. His only chance lay in standing out to sea in the hope of being picked up by some passing vessel.

This he did, and was at length overjoyed to see a light.

A shout from across the water reached his ears. He was seen! An instant later a low lying barge skimmed by. As it passed strong arms encircled his body and he was pulled on board.

From that moment he remembered nothing except that his little boat was drifting away into the darkness empty, until he awoke in a strange bedroom at Gravesend.

Some days elapsed before he had sufficiently recovered to be able to send a telegram to his brother who immediately despatched the glad tidings to the sorrow-stricken wife at Worthing.

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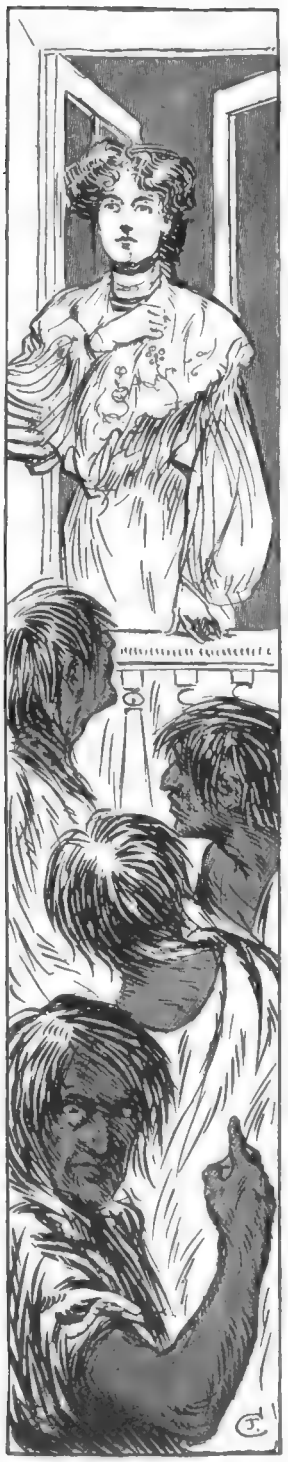
An Up-country Adventure.



FEW lower types of aboriginals exist than those that inhabit the Argentine Republic. By nature cowardly and treacherous, they possess but one good quality: they fear the white man.

Needless to say, that without this respect the white man's life out there would not be worth a moment's purchase.

Well, the time that this little story commences was the morning after "pay day." It was this way. These natives were employed by an Englishman to work in his sugar plantation. They were paid when the green stalks had been cut and gathered in. And forthwith, savage-like, they spent the night revelling in "fire-water," and quarrelling amongst themselves.

On this particular morning the Englishman had gone down to their village, leaving his young wife and infant son alone in the house. In a little while she began to feel lonely, so, taking her tiny baby in her arms, she started out for a walk.

A few hundred yards from the house was a shallow lake. Thither she repaired, and, sitting on the bank, dangled the tiny infant's feet in the tepid water.

Thus she sat on the bank delighting in her baby's glee when a loud noise reached her ears. Something was tearing its way through the undergrowth. Crack! the startled mother, clasping her baby in her arms, sprang to her feet.

Crunch, crack!—she could hear heavy sobbing pants. At this she breathed more freely—whatever the creature was it was human. A louder crack, the bushes parted and the horrible face of a native, covered with blood, peered through.

Uttering a weird cry the aboriginal sprang out, clenching in one hand a crimson-stained knife. Instantly, thinking of the helpless baby in her arms, she turned and fled towards her home.

Closely following behind her she could hear his heavy steps. He was evidently spent, otherwise he would have overtaken her.

Up the steps, leading to her house, dashed the breathless girl, and into the dining-room.

The next minute the awful savage entered, and in words, wild with terror, half-shrieked that he was being pursued. Already he was wounded. Might he hide in the great white lady's house?

Scarcely had he said this than a series of weird cries broke from without the house.

The young mother glanced out of the window. Right before her fully a hundred savages, wild with "fire-water," stood, shrieking and brandishing their spears.

Telling the wounded native to remain where he was, she stepped on to the verandah, and gazed at them unflinchingly.

"You are hiding a man from us; we want him!" or words to that effect, were screamed at her.

"Yes," she answered fearlessly. "But you are not going to touch him. Let anyone of you dare to enter this house and the white man will come and eat you up."

A few ventured nearer, shrieking in derision; but they were cowards. They knew the terrible white man! And with loud cries they fled back to the forest.

Returning to the poor, trembling wretch, she bathed and bandaged his wounds, and a few hours later sent him on his way, for once in his life—really grateful.

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Lost in the Desert.

THEY lived in Salt Lake City—a mother and five small children. Right before them, as far as the eye could see, was sand. It was the great Nevada desert.

One day the mother received a message calling upon her to come up immediately with her family to Bernardino.

So she ordered the waggon, with its brown-coloured shelter, to be provisioned, and in a few hours she and her young family had started on their journey.

With her little boy (he was only twelve) driving the mules, very soon the houses of Salt Lake City looked like tiny specks across that ocean of slowly moving sand.

For two days the mother and her tiny family sat patiently in the little waggon with only the brown canvas cover to shelter them from the raging sun.

Towards evening an anxious look grew on her face. She tried to appear as if all were right; but her heart felt like a lump of cold lead. Where was Bernardino? In vain she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of its white-roofed buildings. Two days had passed since they had left, and by now they ought to have been well within its streets.

It was this that made her look so anxious. They were lost—lost in that desert of burning sand where only the scorpion and lizard feel really at home.

Another day passed. A hot and dusty day it was, for the wind seemed to take a fiendish delight in wafting the burning sand down their already parched throats.

Soon there was not a drop of water left. And three helpless little children were inside the waggon—little more than babies.

Right through the sweltering day the poor mother tried to soothe the moans of her precious little sufferers. "Water, mama! Do give Elsie a little drop of water; I'se so very, very thirsty."

That was the piteous cry that kept ringing in her ears.

Still the mules trugded on; and while they did so there was hope.

But what was that that met her tortured gaze? As she looked her lips went white. There lying in their path were five mangled corpses—mangled and torn by wolves. Not a hundred yards ahead was another, and still another.

What a horrible sight for a poor mother who knew that the life's blood of her little children was fast drying in their veins!

Still they were moving. That was her one, solitary hope.

Night brought little relief. Then morning broke, and with the dawn there came a sound of struggling, then pat, pat, pat!

The mules had broken loose and were running as fast as their weakened legs would carry them away towards the west.

Dazed and half-dead the despairing mother staggered after them. On, on, they ran, faster and faster until they were a full half mile ahead. Still she tottered on. As long as her smarting eyes could see she would not give up hope of catching them.

Suddenly the mules stopped.

As tediously she drew nearer her heart gave a great bound of joy. For a moment she thought she must be dreaming. For there she saw the animals with heads bent down gulping down the cool water from a sparkling stream.

They were saved, saved from a horrible death by the water-scenting instinct of their two mules.

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Cowboy Jo.

NO one knew quite where he came from. All they could remember about him was that he had one day tramped into Ruby City, U.S.A.; said he was Jo Monogan, and that he meant to dig for gold. Jo was as unlike the ordinary gold seeker as it is possible to imagine. He was small, standing scarcely five feet in his high-heeled boots. Strangely enough the diggers received him with more kindness than they usually meted out to strangers. They regarded him as a tenderfoot, and dubbed him "Little Jo."

Like everyone that came to Ruby City in those days, "Little Jo" first tried his fortune at gold digging. But he soon found that his strength was not equal to the work.

Next he became a shepherd. The life was lonely, but he liked it all the more for this; he wanted to be alone, and to think of the past. Yes, "Little Jo" had a "past"—a "past" not many years gone by when all Buffalo had sighed in vain for one dance, or one word from the little shepherd.

Those days had gone, only their remembrance clung to him like a terrible nightmare.

For three years he earned his living as a shepherd. Then, wearying of the life, he returned to Ruby City, and there found employment as a stableman.

He learned to ride. In a few months there was not a cowboy in all Idaho that could equal him in horsemanship.

No horse could be found so wild and vicious that would not soon become docile when "Little Jo" bestrode its back. For miles around his fame extended, and to this day many a camp-fire yarn is spun, telling of how "Little Jo" broke in the wildest "bronchos," or tore fearlessly across the plain upon a writhing "buck-jumper."

But fame did not please "Little Jo."

A few miles west lay a ranching town, called Rockeville; thither he repaired and invested his savings in a cattle ranch.

Years went by. Instead of becoming more intimate with his neighbours, "Little Jo" shut himself out almost entirely from their society. He worked on his ranch, seldom riding into Rockeville except to meet the mail-coach.

Sometimes it brought him letters. And the rough ranchers would see his face light up, as, seizing them, he galloped to his little cabin, there alone, to read and sometimes weep over them.

One day "Little Jo" failed to meet the coach. There was a letter for him. Feeling sure that he must be ill, two of his fellow ranchers volunteered to take it to him.

Arriving at his little cabin, they knocked at the door. No one answered. Again they knocked. Still not a sound. At last they burst the door open, and stepped inside.

On a rough bed they found "Little Jo"—dead.

That afternoon they searched his cabin. Under his bed a worn trunk full of letters was discovered. Bit by bit, his whole sad history was disclosed.

Many of the letters were old, written thirty years ago, telling of a Society girl at Buffalo, of an engagement, a clandestine marriage, an angry father, and, lastly, of a deserted wife. And furthermore, they spoke of this girl's pride, and her determination to earn her own living; and how, finding herself handicapped through being a woman, she had donned man's clothes, and changed her name to *Jo Monogan.*

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A BARGAIN IN WEEDS

A Tale of Tobacco, Describing a Wife's Economy and a Husband's Wariness.

By C. Langton Clarke.

For more than three-quarters of an hour the harassed assistant had endeavoured in vain to satisfy the exacting taste of Mrs. Scales in the matter of a birthday present for her husband.

Mrs. Scales was young and pretty, and the assistant at first derived a certain amount of enjoyment from his task, but it began to pall after a while, and it was with a feeling of distinct relief that he packed up the pile of trinkets and knick-knacks as his customer, murmuring something about "a useless shop," sailed indignantly out of the door.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Scales, having made her way to a large tobacconist's, timidly approached the presiding genius, a young man with a large moustache, and a loud waistcoat, and tentatively inquired the price of cigars.

"We have them all prices, madam," replied the young man, with a reassuring smile. "Any particular brand?"

"No," answered Mrs. Scales. "What are the most expensive?"

"Seventy-three shillings a hundred," said the young man.

Mrs. Scales made a hasty calculation, using her forefinger as a pencil, and the counter as a slate.

"Good gracious," she cried when she had succeeded in obtaining a correct solution of the problem, "that is nearly ninepence apiece!"

"Ninepence each is what they sell at, madam," said the young man. "And well worth the money."

"I couldn't think of paying so much," Mrs. Scales declared decidedly. "No one would dream of throwing away money like that on cigars!"

"About what price, then, madam?" asked the young man.

"About three ha'pence each, if you please."

"Three ha'pence! I'm afraid we haven't anything quite so cheap as that."

Mrs. Scales looked disappointed.

"I wouldn't mind giving a little more than that," she said, "as I intend this to be a treat for my husband—something a little better than usual, you know."

"You should have no trouble in making a choice, madam," the salesman replied encouragingly. "I think I can show you something that should answer. Here is an entirely new brand—really good quality for the money."

"The 'Upper Ten,'" commented Mrs. Scales, regarding with favouring eyes the lithograph on the lid. "The name sounds all right. I suppose people like that do really smoke these cigars?"

She pointed to the picture of a man in evening dress of a fashionable cut, and a white waistcoat, who, seated in a crimson velvet chair, amid palatial surroundings, with a bottle of champagne conveniently at his elbow,

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was blowing thick clouds of smoke from an "Upper Ten" cigar.

"Certainly!" he answered with conviction.

"And the price?" queried Mrs. Scales.

"Eight shillings the box of fifty."

Mrs. Scales went through another calculation, and, having satisfied herself after a short struggle with the fractions regarding the price of the individual cigars, produced her purse and paid for two boxes.

"Shall I send them for you?" the assistant asked as he wrapped them up.

"No, thank you," Mrs. Scales answered. "I will take them with me." And hugging her parcel, she left the shop, her face radiant with anticipation of her husband's reception of the gift.

Mr. Scales' expression when the boxes were presented was one of admirably counterfeited delight, which was the more creditable as he was not in the habit of disguising his feelings.

"My little offering of myrrh and frankincense," Mrs. Scales said softly.

"Now, I am going to put you in your own comfortable chair, and I am going to put one of these cigars in your mouth, and I am going to light it for you myself, and watch you enjoy it."

Mr. Scales caught sight of the price.

Mr. Scales, anxious to gain a little time to think, bent his head to the box again. In so doing he caught sight of the price marked in one corner, and failed to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"You don't mean to say you paid eight shillings for fifty cigars!" he said.

"It sounds extravagant, doesn't it?" his wife replied; "but it is not so much more than you pay yourself. Three ha'pence apiece, you remember you told me."

Mr. Scales, silently anathematising his own lack of straightforwardness, was at a loss for a reply.

"Now, do come on, George," Mrs. Scales remarked, interrupting his thoughts; "I am longing to see you smoke one."

Mr. Scales, who had decided on a plan of action, shook his head.

"I couldn't do it," he said.

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"Couldn't do it?" echoed his wife. "And why not?"

"It would seem to me like sacrilege," replied Mr. Scales.

"Sacrilege!" cried Mrs. Scales. "Stuff and nonsense! What do you suppose cigars are made for?"

"These cigars, do you mean?" Mr. Scales inquired, gently patting the box.

"Those cigars, or any cigars," Mrs. Scales said impatiently. "They were made to be smoked, and they are going to be smoked."

"Not these cigars," George replied sentimentally. "These cigars were made to be a present from the dearest little wife in the world to the fondest husband in the world, and he wouldn't smoke them if they were worth a sovereign each."

"I don't suppose he would," Mrs. Scales said unresponsively. "Such absurdity! And I suppose every time you bring me home a box of sweets I am to keep it as a souvenir till they go mouldy, and then throw them away.

"These cigars will never do that," Mr. Scales answered with conviction. "They couldn't. Tobacco like this never does. Besides, it is altogether different. This is your present to me on my thirty-eighth birthday."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Mrs. Scales.

"I will tell you what I am going to do," replied her husband. "I am going to keep the box beside me, and every time I smoke a cigar I shall open the lid and look at them. I shall enjoy my smoke ever so much more."

"I'll tell you what to do," suggested Mrs. Scales sarcastically. "Take them out of the box, tie little bits of blue ribbon round them, and hang them on the walls. Then you will be able to look at them without any trouble."

"You are unjust," Mr. Scales remonstrated, in a pained voice. "You don't seem able to appreciate my feelings. Think of my feelings if, after I had smoked all these cigars, anything were to happen to you! Your last little present to me—gone."

Mrs. Scales laughed.

"Come, George, don't be so absurd," she said.

But Mr. Scales shook his head sadly.

"I couldn't, really, Mary," he said. "I might regret it all my life."

With a gentle sigh he closed the lid, placed the boxes on a shelf, after imprinting a couple of reverential kisses on the covers, and having bestowed two more on his wife's lips, left the house and went to his office.

Mrs. Scales, who was no fool, was not in the least deceived by her husband's affectation of sentiment.

That he should wish to keep two boxes of cigars as mementoes was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment.

Mrs. Scales spent fifteen minutes considering the problem, and then hunted up one of her husband's old cigar boxes.

The box had so many inscriptions on various parts that she was in considerable doubt regarding the name of the brand; so, to make sure, she carefully copied them all out, bestowing, as she did so, a contemptuous sniff on the extreme simplicity of the label.

"Not nearly as good as mine, I'm sure," she told herself as, her labours concluded, she threw the box back into the cupboard.

Then she abstracted one of the "Upper Ten," and, having made it into a neat little parcel, betook herself to the shops.

Mr. Albert Juppson, the leading tobacconist of the town, was considerably surprised in the middle of an interesting conversation with a customer by the entrance of a young and pretty woman, who timidly approached the counter, and after momentarily fumbling in her bag produced a piece of paper and handed it to him.

The tobacconist, who suspected an appeal for charity, accepted it with some reluctance; but his brow cleared as he read the inscriptions, and he waited with smiling encouragement for further information.

"Have you ever heard of those cigars?" Mrs. Scales asked anxiously. "I don't know what the name is, but it is one of those on that paper."

"The 'Boccaccio,' madam? Certainly. A very excellent cigar. We sell a large number. Do you wish to purchase some?"

"No," replied Mrs. Scales. "At least, not just now. I want to know how much they cost?"

"Sixty shillings a hundred," said the tobacconist.

Mrs. Scales gave a little gasp, and gripped the counter hard with both hands.

"How much?" she asked faintly.

The tobacconist repeated his remark.

"There must be some mistake," insisted Mrs. Scales. "My husband smokes these cigars."

"He has an excellent taste, madam," Mr. Juppson answered, with a gallant bow. "I can assure you there is no mistake. This is the box. I have no doubt you will

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recognise it. The price, you see, is plainly marked—£3."

This evidence was conclusive, Mrs. Scales admitted.

She was greatly shocked by her husband's deceitfulness, and annoyed that she should have been placed in such a humiliating position through it.

"I have got a cigar in here which I wish you would look at," she said after a few moments' meditation. "It—it is not an expensive one, and I should like to know whether it is any good?"

Mr. Juppson expressed his readiness to give an expert opinion, and Mrs. Scales, producing her parcel, unwrapped it with great care and handed the contents to the tobacconist.

Mr. Juppson, his mouth drawn to one side, turned it over several times, smelt it gingerly, and laid it on the counter.

"What do you think of it?" Mrs. Scales asked eagerly, after waiting in vain for him to say something.

The tobacconist answered that he would be able to express his opinion a good deal more freely if he were talking to the man who made it.

"You mean you wouldn't smoke it yourself?" she queried.

"Not unless he had entirely lost his self-respect," said the tobacconist. There were people, no doubt, who would smoke it, he admitted, but he was glad to say he did not number them among his friends.

"I paid sixteen shillings a hundred for them," said Mrs. Scales confidentially.

Mr. Juppson's eyebrows lifted with a polite affectation of interest.

"And gave them to my husband as a birthday present," added Mrs. Scales.

He grinned broadly.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "but I know Mr. Scales quite well—I have seen you with him—and he is one of my customers. He is a fine judge of tobacco, and I can hardly imagine him smoking this—this monstrosity, if you will permit me to call it by that name."

He picked the cigar off the counter as if it were a loathsome insect, and handed it to her.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "It is so disagreeable to admit that you have made a foolish mistake."

"If I were you," continued Mr. Juppson, who saw his way to doing a little business, "I would buy a hundred really good cigars, with a superficial resemblance to these, and I would put them in the box without saying anything about it. You would have the best of the joke when he came to smoke them."

"And you think he wouldn't notice I had changed them?" Mrs. Scales inquired, evidently favouring the suggestion.

"Did he take them out of the box?" Mr. Juppson asked magisterially.

"No," replied Mrs. Scales; "but he smelt them several times."

The tobacconist admitted that this was very unfortunate, but added that amateurs in tobacco were notoriously liable to be guided by first impressions, and that Mr. Scales would be sure to think he had been misled by the price.

"It would be great fun," Mrs. Scales said musingly. "I have a good mind to do it! He would think I had made a wonderful bargain for him."

"Here is a cigar that would answer admirably," said the tobacconist—"the 'Cagliostro.' A little crude in appearance, but of a very fine quality. Three pound ten the hundred."

"Such an awful lot of money," pleaded Mrs. Scales.

"But well worth it," insisted the other.

Mrs. Scales hesitated—and was lost. She purchased the box, and started home in a state of suppressed excitement.

Mr. Scales brought a bachelor friend home to dinner that evening, and was charmed by the unexpected affability with which his wife received the announcement. She maintained an air of sprightly good humour throughout the meal, and twice Mr. Scales caught her smiling, as if at some humorous recollection.

She made no reference to her gift until she was about to withdraw, when she said:

"By the way, George, if you have got over your sentimental fit, you might give Mr. Butterworth one of those cigars."

Then she vanished before her husband could reply.

"What's that about cigars?" asked Mr. Butterworth, who had something of a local reputation as a connoisseur.

With a gravity befitting the occasion, Mr. Scales explained the circumstances, and the dilemma in which he was placed.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Butterworth. "Let's have a look at 'em?"

The host took one of the boxes from the shelf, and submitted it for inspection.

"That's a nice kind of a birthday present to spring on a man, isn't it?" he said; "and the worst of it is, my wife's so sensitive that I don't see how I am going to get out of smoking them."

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The grin which illuminated Mr. Butterworth's face as he noted the label and the price gradually faded from his face and gave way to one of wonder as he delicately sniffed at the contents.

He extracted one of the cigars, and submitted it to several tests with tongue and nostril, while Mr. Scales regarded him in bewilderment.

"Well," said the latter at last, "you seem to be making a good deal of fuss over it. Are you thinking of buying a box for yourself?"

"Did you smell these cigars?" Mr. Butterworth asked severely.

"Of course," replied Mr. Scales decidedly, "and I have no desire to do so again."

"Why not?" inquired his guest.

"Because I haven't!" Mr. Scales responded shortly. "I wouldn't smoke one of them for a five-pound note."

"I would," said Mr. Butterworth, "for nothing at all. I am going to smoke one now."

"You!" cried the other, aghast. "Look here, Harry, politeness is all very well, but there is no need to make a martyr of yourself."

"There is no question of martyrdom. I am going to smoke this because I expect to enjoy it. That's the worst of some of you fellows that think yourselves judges. Give you a shilling cigar and tell you it cost twopence, and you turn up your nose at it."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Scales, slightly ruffled, "I have every reason to turn up my nose. I'm afraid you must have a cold coming on, Harry."

"Pooh, pooh," said the expert; "your wife has been playing a trick on you. Smell that?"

Mr. Scales sniffed at the smoke wafted in his direction.

"Upon my soul," he said, "it doesn't smell bad!"

He took a cigar from the box and tested it as his companion had done.

"Seems altogether different to what it did this morning," he said. "The smell nearly sickened me then."

"You were looking at the price," replied the other confidently, "and allowed your judgment to be warped. Now, I will venture to say these cigars cost sixpence apiece, if not more."

"I'll soon find out," said Mr. Scales. "I'll ask my wife."

He left the room, and returned in a few minutes wearing a puzzled expression.

"Well," asked Mr. Butterworth, "how much?"

"Sixteen shillings a hundred," was the reply.

"Nonsense!" said the other.

"No nonsense at all," responded Mr. Scales. "It's an absolute fact."

"Then all I've got to say is that your wife made the best bargain I ever heard of in the tobacco line. Where did she get them?"

"Gunther & Walkley's, a new place just set up."

"Yes," said Mr. Scales. "And I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to buy up as many of these cigars as they've got—now, while they stay at the price."

"But you'll halve it with me," said Mr. Butterworth. "If it wasn't for me you'd never have spotted them."

"We'll go down first thing in the morning," said Mr. Scales; "and I'll call in for you."

Mr. Scales did not think it necessary to take his wife into his confidence, reasoning that the time spent in overcoming possible objections to so large an outlay might allow Mr. Butterworth to get ahead of him. To her artless inquiries he replied that the cigars were of an excellent quality, and that when her hundred was finished he would probably buy another.

* * * * *

"How many did you say, sir?" asked the young man at Gunther's as he listened to an order from two extremely well-dressed gentlemen which fairly took his breath away.

"Fifteen hundred apiece," said Mr. Scales constituting himself spokesman. "You said you had over four thousand, didn't you?"

"Three thousand 'Upper Tens'?" inquired the man again, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Scales testily. "Of course, if you don't want the order——"

The assistant hastened to reassure him. It was seldom, he said, that customers ordered so many cheap cigars at once, and he wished to be positive about the brand.

He took down the names and addresses, received the money, and watched, like one in a dream, his two astonishing customers disappear.

"It's my belief they don't know what a good thing they've got," remarked Mr. Scales as they left the store. "Did you see that fellow's face?"

"Reminded me of yours when you saw me start smoking one," replied his friend. "Of course they don't, any more than you

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"Upon my soul," he said, "it doesn't smell bad!"

did. You've got me to thank for this, George."

Mr. Scales waived argument on the point.

"I was thinking," he said, "that as there are a thousand left, we might give one or two of our friends the tip. It's the chance of a lifetime."

Mr. Butterworth agreed heartily to the suggestion, and the two men divided the contents of Mr. Scales' cigar case, which he had taken the precaution to fill before leaving the house, to be used as samples.

Five men smoked them, three in Mr. Scales' office, and two in Mr. Butterworth's, and all five went straight off to Gunther & Walkley's, and added to the astonishment which was beclouding the intellect of the salesman.

Mr. Scales dropped in himself on his way home.

"Got any of those 'Upper Tens' left?" he asked.

The man informed him that they had all been sold.

"Extraordinary run on them," he added. "The firm has sent an order for ten thousand more."

The assistant grinned, and Mr. Scales hurried homewards cheerfully humming to himself as he walked.

"You seem very happy, George," said his wife as she met him in the hall. "What's this great, big parcel for you from Gunther & Walkley's? I have been dying with curiosity all the afternoon."

Mr. Scales patted her cheek.

"That is the result of your most fortunate discovery, my love," he replied.

"My discovery!" echoed his wife. "What on earth do you mean?"

"'Upper Tens,' Mary," said Mr. Scales, patting her cheek again and smiling beamingly.

Mrs. Scales caught her husband's arm in both hands.

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"You don't mean to say that you have bought all those 'Upper Ten' cigars?" she asked, gazing at him with horror-stricken eyes.

"That's just what I do mean," replied Mr. Scales. "For heaven's sake, don't look so horrified! It's not extravagance; it's economy."

"Economy!" gasped Mrs. Scales. "Oh, George!"

"Yes, economy," insisted the husband. "Let me explain. Last night Mr. Butterworth, who is an excellent judge of cigars, and I smoked several of those 'Upper Tens,' and what do you think we found?"

Mrs. Scales, who was sitting with her face in her hands, shook her head dismally from side to side.

"We found," continued Mr. Scales, emphasising his points with his forefinger on the palm of his hand, "that a clever little woman had bought a brand of tobacco of excellent quality for about a third of its value. So we decided, Butterworth and I, that we would each invest in fifteen hundred 'Upper Ten' cigars—a wonderful saving in money it is—and quite a lot of our friends bought them, too. We owe it all to you, Mary. Don't you feel proud?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wailed Mrs. Scales. "And I only meant it for a joke."

"A joke!" Mr. Scales' jaw dropped. He sat down opposite his weeping wife, and regarded her with consternation. "A joke! What on earth do you mean? Where's the joke?"

"There isn't any, George. Not the way it's turned out. All that money is wasted."

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" demanded Mr. Scales, much exasperated.

"Those weren't 'Upper Ten' cigars you smoked last night, George."

"Not 'Upper Tens'?" cried Mr. Scales in great excitement. "What were they, then?"

"'Cagliostros,'" replied Mrs. Scales breathlessly, "and they cost seventy shillings for a hundred."

There was a long and painful silence, which gave Mr. Scales ample time to realise the extent of the calamity.

"Go on," he said at last in a rasping voice. "Let's hear the whole of this precious joke."

Thus adjured, Mrs. Scales began, and with many comments, pardoning her own action and denouncing her husband's deceitfulness, laid bare the whole plot.

"Well, of all the——" he was beginning when she had brought her recital to a conclusion, but was interrupted in his reproaches by the sudden entrance of a servant.

"A gentleman to speak to you at the telephone, sir," she said.

With a muttered execration Mr. Scales went out, and presently his wife heard him maintaining one end of a highly animated conversation.

"Fat-headed idiot yourself for not spotting the brand!" she heard him say excitedly as he rang off.

She looked at him questioningly when he returned.

"It was Butterworth," he said in dismal tones. "He had just opened one of the boxes."

Mrs. Scales watched her husband as he sat, staring hopelessly at the carpet, and then the humour of the situation suddenly dawned upon her, and she broke out in peal after peal of laughter.

"Oh, George," she cried, "if you could only see yourself, It is—is really too funny. I didn't see it at first, but it is a joke after all."

Mr. Scales sprang up and stood regarding his laughing spouse with every mark of disfavour.

"Twelve pounds, and six of my best friends gone," he said, "and you can laugh. Well, all I've got to say is that women have a very strange sense of humour."

And he went out, banging the door hard behind him.

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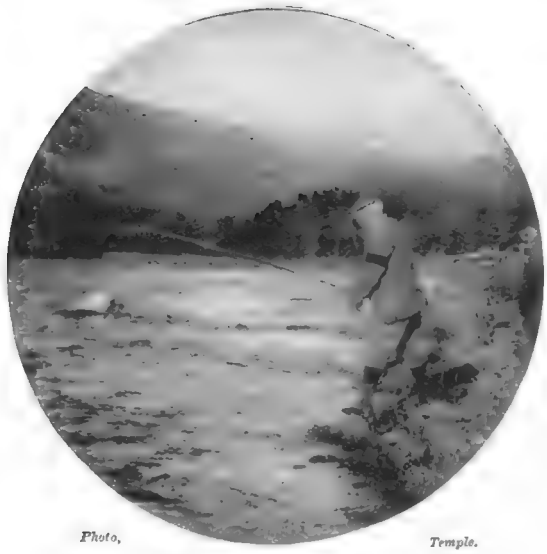
PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Nothing Gives the Editor Greater Pleasure than to Receive Photographs Suitable for these Pages. Remember he Pays for each one Accepted!



Photo, Temple.

Donald Stuart, the King's veteran gillie, fishing for salmon at Abergeldie, near Balmoral. The first salmon of the year he invariably dispatches to the King.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL SALMON-FISHERY, ABERGELDIE.

No fish affords more sport to the wielder of rod and line than salmon.

Haunting swift and shallow rivers, filled with small rocks and occasional cataracts, it requires a considerable amount of skill to successfully angle one to the shore.

It is considered unsportsmanlike to net this Royal fish in any waters where it is possible to cast a line. In the King's salmon-fisheries at Abergeldie, His Majesty employs some of his gillies, of whom Donald Stuart is a prime favourite, to fish as soon as the season commences. The first salmon captured are invariably sent to the King, in whatever part of the world he may be.

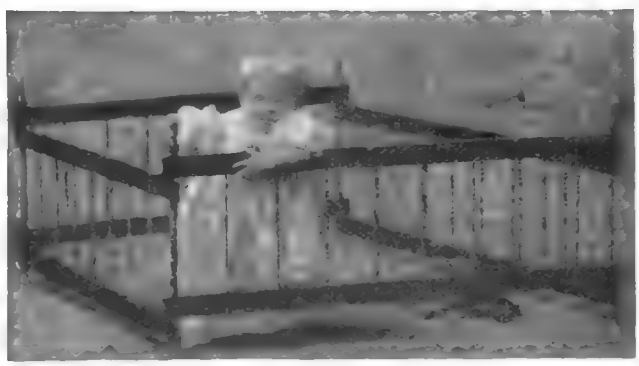
The Prince of Wales also comes in for his share of the first spoil, and any that may be over are used by the household at Balmoral Castle.

A BABY'S PLAYGROUND.

During the last official year, in the County of London alone, 1,684 children met their death through fire. From London County Council statistics fire is shown to head the list by over 250 in excess of those that died from disease and improper feeding.

In order to check this terrible mortality caused through fire, the "Baby's Playground" has been devised.

It consists of a neat square inclosure, so made that it is impossible for Master Baby to climb over, or to execute a "creep under," nor can he overturn it by any means. In fact, when once he is placed within its bounds, there he has to stay and gaze longingly at the yellow box of matches on a chair near by; or at the table-cloth that is so tempting to swing on, especially when a lighted lamp is resting on the table.



A movable and folding "playground" for the nursery. When the baby is placed within its four fences, he cannot possibly escape and get into danger by falling into the fire.

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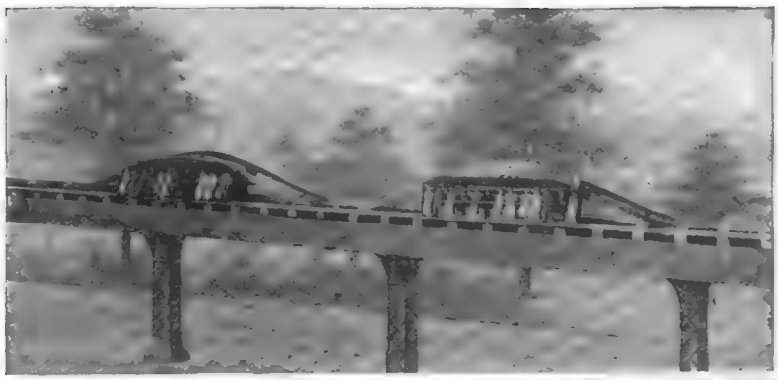
A NEW SENSATION.



A novel railway built to give holiday-makers all the excitement of a railway collision without its dangers.

This novel railway with its switch-back appearance, is not intended for commercial use. It has been devised to give holiday-makers a novel sensation. In fact, for a small sum they can experience the "thrill" of a railway collision; but, instead of the crashing impact, one of the cars runs completely over the top of the other on especially provided rails.

The railway system, by means of which this is brought about, is the invention of Mr. P. K. Stern, a New York electrical engineer. A single track is used, and the cars, although running upon wheels, are really travelling bridges with overhanging compartments for the accommodation of passengers. Over the framework of the cars, and securely fastened to it, arched rails are carried, which serve the purpose of providing a road-bed for one of the "colliding" cars to run over.

Safe as this novel railway may be, I think I should prefer my enemies to take the first trip, and my friends the second.

By permission of the "Scientific American."

On the top of each car rails are laid, so that when a collision occurs one car runs right over the top of the other.

This bottle, on which an oyster has made its quarters, was picked up from the King's Oyster Beds, in Ardbear Bay, Ireland.

IS IT JAPANESE?

At the first sight this looks like a little Japanese priest with the most extraordinary beard imaginable. But a closer scrutiny will show you that it is merely a wicked oyster that had become so attached to the bottle that it would not leave it even when lifted from its bed. The peculiar web-like growth on the bottle is caused through long immersion.

It was picked up by Dr. P. C. Gorham from the neighbourhood of the King's Oyster Beds, in Ardbear Bay, near Clifden, Connemara.

Curiously enough, this oyster was attached to a whisky bottle—empty, by the way—which would seem to show that even an Irish oyster has a fondness for the national drink. At any rate the bottle seems to have suited this oyster particularly well, for it was one of the fattest fish that ever ended its days in a peppered bath of vinegar.

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CAP AND BELLS

CHANGE COMETH WITH THE YEARS.

"I remember," said Mrs. Wickwire impressively, "you once said that if you had the world you would gladly lay it at my feet."

"Oh, did I?" asked Mr. W.

"Yes, you did. And now I have to nag at you for three days to get you to lay a carpet!"

* * * * *

WANTED MORE.

Mary had a little lamb,
And 'twas so very nice,
She passed her plate again,
"Please, ma'am,
I'll take another slice."

WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS LONGEST.

"I suppose you know it is Leap Year?" he said, as he took a seat beside her, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction."

And he laughed.

"I had quite forgotten it," she said with a yawn. "What's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?"

This time he didn't laugh.

* * * * *

SWEET AND KIND.

HE: "I wonder why Miss Overton is so sensitive about her age?"

SHE: "I can't imagine. She's certainly old enough to have got over a little thing like that long ago."

* * * * *

MERELY A TRIFLE.

DOCTOR: "Are you prepared for the worst?"

PATIENT (trembling): "Why, doctor?"

DOCTOR: "I fear you cannot recover."

PATIENT (breathing easier): "Oh, is that all? I feared for the moment that you were about to present your bill."

WHEN JACK PROPOSED.

I meant to keep quite calm and cool,
And not behave just like a fool,
When Jack proposed.
Intended to be dignified,
And say: "Perhaps I'll be your bride,
If I'm disposed."
In spite of all I thought to do,
My plans so cherished ne'er came true,
When Jack proposed.
I laid my head against his breast,
And—Jack can tell you all the rest,
If—he's disposed.

* * * *

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

MAMMA: "I'm afraid that young Witham will not make you a good husband, Jane."

JANE: "Why not, mamma?"

MAMMA: "It seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance."

JANE: "Yes, that's true, mamma, and I am glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this, instead of only twice a week."

* * *

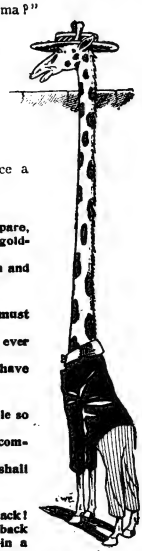
TO A PHOTO.

A maiden fair, beyond compare,
With tresses brown—yes, gold-brown hair;
A face like morning's fresh and fair—
Ah, lovely girl!
Those eyes of blue—they must be blue!
A heart that beats for ever true;
A form divine, fair maid, have you—
My soul's awhirl.
You greet me with a smile so sweet;
To know you would be joy complete;
And yet I fear we ne'er shall meet—
Sad, sad regrets!
Life's full of cruel blows, alack!
I love you, but I'll put you back
Just where I found you—in a pack
Of cigarettes!

* * *

EVER HEARD THIS VERSION?

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milkman's and the grocer's
Bank accounts expand.



Father: "Which would you rather be, Johnny, a monkey or a giraffe?"

Johnny: "A giraffe, because it would be so jolly to see the cricket without paying."

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JUST SO!

"How about that patent trap-door scheme you were going to get rich on?"

"It fell through, old man; it fell through."

* * * * *

THERE WAS NO MISTAKE.

The editor had sent the young reporter out to a political meeting where two rival factions were expected to make a sharp struggle for supremacy.

At ten o'clock the young reporter called up. "They had quite a row up here," he said, "and one man was hit in the neck with a beer glass."

"Look here," said the editor, "both of these factions have great influence, and we mustn't make any allegations we can't substain. Are you sure about that man being hit with a beer glass?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the reporter.

"Well, now, be careful. We don't want any libel suits."

"Well, I'm pretty sure, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"No, but——"

"I want no 'buts,'" said the editor sharply. "How do you know the man was hit with a beer glass in the neck?"

"Because," said the youth meekly, "I was the man hit."

* * * *

THE MODERN POSTER.

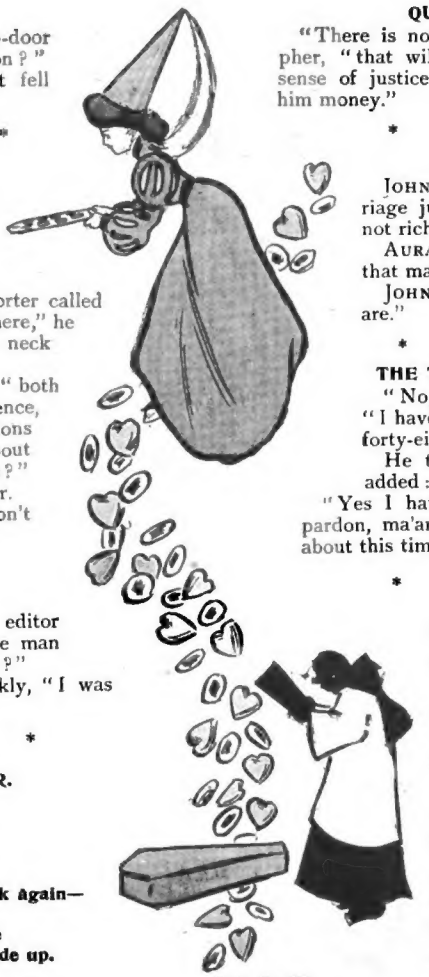
He drew a poster beautiful,
But laid the thing aside
Before he'd put the title on,
Thus woe did him betide.
For when he sought his work again—
Oh, bitter was his cup—
He couldn't for his life decide
Which was the right side up.

* * * *

A BALANCING FEAT.

The problem great, propounded by Fate
To the young married couple in town,
Is how they may keep appearances up
And yet keep expenditures down.

* * * *



HIS FATE.

"The Queen of Hearts
Once made some tarts,"
So runs the ancient lay.
The Knave of Hearts
He ate those tarts—
They buried him next day.

QUITE TRUE.

"There is nothing," said the philosopher, "that will so stimulate a man's sense of justice as to have someone owe him money."

* * * *

FRANK!

JOHN: "I can't think of marriage just yet. You know I'm not rich."

AURA: "What difference does that make?"

JOHN: "None, providing you are."

* * * *

THE TRUTH AT ALL COSTS.

"No, ma'am," said the tramp, "I haven't had a bite in the last forty-eight hours—not a bite."

He thought a moment and added:

"Yes I have, though. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I had a dog bite about this time yesterday."

* * * *

NAUGHTY SYRRH.

A sweet girl once purchased some myrrh,
And the drug clerk said softly to hyrrh;
"There'll be no charge for this
If you'll give me a kiss."
Said the girl: "I infyrrh you're a cyrrh."

* * *

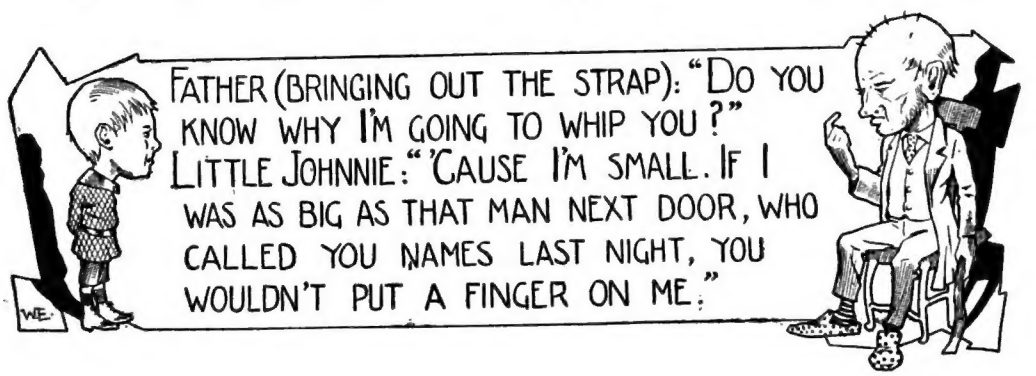
ONE FOR THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

SCHOOLBOY: "Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained twenty pounds a day?"

SCHOOLMASTER: "What on earth do you mean, sir? Whose baby are you talking about?"

SCHOOLBOY: "The elephant's baby."

* * *


FATHER (BRINGING OUT THE STRAP): "DO YOU KNOW WHY I'M GOING TO WHIP YOU?"
LITTLE JOHNNIE: "'CAUSE I'M SMALL. IF I WAS AS BIG AS THAT MAN NEXT DOOR, WHO CALLED YOU NAMES LAST NIGHT, YOU WOULDN'T PUT A FINGER ON ME."
WE.

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CALLED HIM.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"Well," said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "I suppose I shall have to be if I marry Mamie."

* * * * *

OPENING TACTICS.

"How many stars can you see?" she asked.

"Two more than you," he said.

"How do you make that out?" she said.

"*I* can see your eyes," he said.

And that was the beginning of it all.

* * * * *

REPARTEE EXTRAORDINARY.

"Bridget, I told you five times to have eggs and bacon for breakfast. Haven't you any intellect?"

"No, mum, there's none in the house."

* * * * *

MRS. MALAPROP AGAIN.

"One of the bookmakers made several hundred pounds," remarked the young man who had been to the races.

"And yet," exclaimed his aunt, "some people tell us that literature does not pay."

* * * * *

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THIS?

DAWSON: "I see a reporter has written over four hundred words in a minute."

BENNETT: "Yes, but he's nothing to be compared with the actor who writes a letter on the stage."

* * *

ONE EXPLANATION.

"Pa, what is a hero?"

"A hero is a man who tries to read a newspaper in the same room with a boy about your size."

* * *

SMART!

"They sell milk by the pound in some places."

"Sort o' milky weigh, eh?"

* * *

A RISING INVENTOR.

"Mamma," said Willie, "when the grocer comes, won't you please order some arrowroot?"

"What for, Willie?"

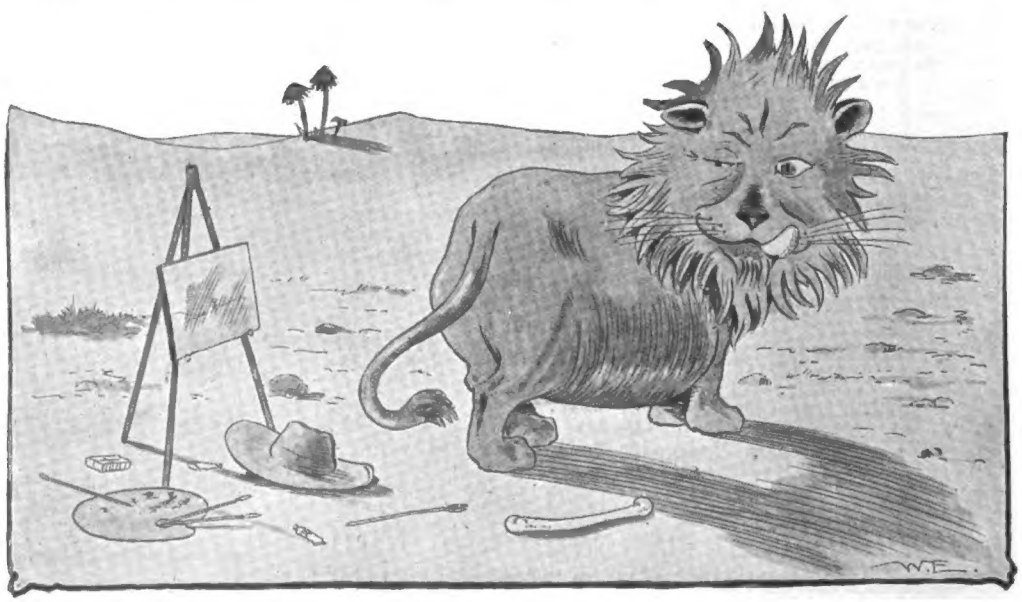
"I want to plant it and raise an archery set."

* * * * *

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

"So you cheerfully concede that your son knows more than you do?"

"Certainly. You don't find me admitting that my father could bring up children better than I can."



A FINISHED ARTIST.

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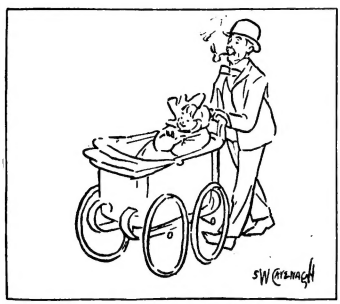
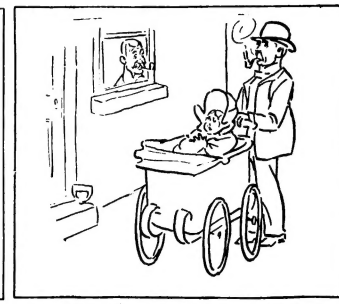
THE NEW PERAMBULATOR.

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.



(1). Tompkins is distinctly pleased with his new purchase.



(2). "Yes, Jones, this pram's as strong as t's pretty."

(3). "Why, it carries me with ease."

(4). "Help! Help! Help!"

(5). "Murder! Murder! Murder!"

(6). And the words he said, and the things he did, are better left unprinted.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

A few chatty paragraphs which you would do well to read.

"THE RAPID REVIEW."

I trust I shall not be abusing my friend the Editor's confidence when I tell you that *The Rapid Review* has more than fulfilled the promise its first sale held out. First sales are notoriously deceptive. Very often a paper that sells well at first may drop to half and even a quarter of its circulation, when the second issue makes its appearance.

Half of the early buyers have bought it merely out of curiosity, and the curiosity satisfied, do not think anything more about it. It seems that *The Rapid Review* has met with another fate. All those who were curious to see the first number have been curious to see the second and the third.

"PERPEKUAL MOSHIN."

Talking of *The Rapid Review* reminds me of a mysterious letter I received a short while ago. It ran as follows, the orthography being the least of its wonderful qualities:

"Hornered Sir:—I ave discovered the Secret of Perpekual Moshin wich I ave ben workking at this five and twenty years. Ave you any use for it, if so plese let me know and oblige

"Yours respekfully,

————"

This amazing offer was evidently made in good faith for my correspondent enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope for reply. I wrote to him regretting that the ROYAL MAGAZINE had no opening just at present for his suggested contribution, but had no doubt that he and the editor of *The Rapid Review* might come to terms, as perpetual motion was one of the commodities he was desperately anxious to obtain. I have not heard as yet whether a bargain has been struck.

"THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES."

I hope to give you next month a particularly exciting article in this series—namely, the special point of view which obtains with those who travel in a torpedo-destroyer. As I write both author and artist are on the high seas gathering impressions. Let us devoutly hope that these are of a pleasant nature. But somehow or other I "hae me doots," for there happens to be a smart westerly wind on the jaunt and people tell me that torpedo-destroyers have a peculiar tendency to roll and stagger, like belated clubmen, even in the calmest of seas. Well, well, when the article comes to be written you will be able, no doubt, to read much between the lines.

THE "ROYAL" IN AFRICA.

I have a very interesting letter from a reader who has just returned from Central Africa. He was sent by some trading company to a station somewhere far up the River Congo. Every now and again a steamer from the coast brought him a budget of letters and newspapers.

Spasmodically, amongst other magazines and journals, the ROYAL arrived at my correspondent's station. "And you may be sure," he writes, "that I knew one number almost by heart before the next arrived."

But here is the strangest part of the letter. "I was visited regularly by various natives, aborigines, but very decent fellows on the whole. One of these, seeing the gorgeous cover of your May numbers—the cover which flaunted an immense girl's face—begged me to let him have it. I consented, and in great joy he trekked home with his prize. Months passed. I had occasion to make a business trip into the adjacent country and came on a native village deep in the forest. I entered it, was entertained by the Chief, and just as I was taking my departure, a native, whose face somehow seemed familiar, ran after me and asked me to look into his hut. I did so, and there in a little primitive shrine was the cover of the ROYAL—for he was none other than the man to whom I had presented this magnificent gift—an object of veneration to the whole family."

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